

---

---

THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

---

---

JULY, 1797.

---

---

MEMOIRS

OF THE

*RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE.*

**T**HERE is a time when the dissensions of party must give place to an impartial posterity ; and when the merits or the defects of eminent men, will be judged by another criterion than the short-sighted views of their cotemporaries. Death, who respects no character or station, however useful or important, and who has been described as the grand enemy of man, is yet the best friend of genius. When the veil of mortality is removed from the perfections of illustrious minds, we often learn to respect that virtue which we once neglected. This is an amiable defect, for a defect it frequently is ; and we are in some danger from the judgment which such a temper might induce us to form. But time, which either removes or reconciles us to evil, has provided a remedy for this. If the common part of society, even when they have lived viciously, are sometimes remembered with a kind of oblivious tenderness, it is not thus with characters more distinguished. The historian who treads on their ashes, is, indeed, liable to stumble ; but he who shall range the same path, when locality is no longer felt, will survey them with an even eye. It is the business of him who has witnessed the departure

departure of a great man, to hand, to distant days, some traces of the greatness he has seen; and although like one who has enjoyed the best hours of the summer, and contemplated their closing sun, he may speak with interest and rapture; it is for those who live in other times, and who read his descriptions, to know whether their sun is not equally brilliant, and their summer as pregnant with delight.

Characters are best illustrated by their actions; and the character of Burke is big with importance to mankind. He rose with uncommon brilliance—his career was the theme of Englishmen—and he has set to the astonishment of Europe.

The town of Limerick, in Ireland, was the birth-place of Burke. His father was a protestant, a man of considerable ability, good character, and in extensive practice as an attorney. His son received the first part of his education under Mr. Sheckleton, a quaker, who kept an academy at Ballytore, near Carlow. This quaker was a very skilful and successful teacher, at whose school many eminent men have been educated. Under the tuition of this master, young Burke laid the foundation of a classical erudition which would, alone, have entitled ordinary men to the character of great scholars. Mr. Burke ever regarded his master with a respect and gratitude honourable to both: and for near forty years that he annually went to Ireland, he travelled many miles to pay his preceptor a visit.

From school, Mr. Burke was sent to Dublin College.

Those who have not forgotten the offence which he gave to most parties, by his liberal espousal of the oppressed Catholics, in their applications for parliamentary relief, will remember the story, then so anxiously propagated, of his having been educated at St. Omer's. A story, now known to be as unfounded in fact, as it was absurd, when alledged as a subject of detraction.

Soon

Soon after he had finished his education at the university, a vacancy happening in the logic chair at Glasgow, Mr. Burke applied for the professorship. In this application he was disappointed; and disappointment wasted him to a shore more auspicious to genius. He arrived in London, and entered himself a member of the honourable society of the Middle Temple, with a view of being called to the bar. Fired by the first examples of antiquity, he bent all the powers of his capacious mind to the acquisition of knowledge. But his health could not contend with this intense application; and a dangerous illness threatened to deprive himself, his friends, and the world, of the fruits of such unparalleled industry and talents.

On being attacked in so alarming a manner, he sent for Dr. Nugent, a man of great skill, and still greater goodness of heart; who, perceiving that the noise and other inconveniences, to which his patient was exposed in chambers at an inn of court, must greatly obstruct his recovery, persuaded him to accept of apartments at the house of his benevolent physician. Here he was treated with all the care which an only son could experience under the roof of the fondest parent. His recovery was not a little accelerated by the attentions of Miss Nugent, the doctor's only daughter, who was constantly at his bed-side, relieving, with the tenderest assiduities, the hours of sickness and solitude. Sickness, especially in the young, is a sweet and lenient corrector. While it humbles the mind, it intends the heart. The throbbings of vanity are at rest, and we are only alive to sensibility and gratitude. Is it then surprising that one, in every respect worthy of his esteem, and who had now such a claim to his regard, should be confessed the mistress of his heart; and that he found in the daughter of his friend, the partner of his future life? He was soon after married to Miss Nugent; and he has, repeatedly, been heard to say, that he no sooner  
entered

entered his house, than the very remembrance of his cares vanished.

Returning health restored him to the prosecution of his studies; and the first efforts of his genius were made known in an enquiry into the nature and origin of our ideas respecting the **SUBLIME** and **BEAUTIFUL**. On this work, now universally admired, and permanently established, it is unnecessary to descant. But it is a work that has employed the last experience of its author, and we may hope to review it with considerable additions and improvements. Before this time, there had been no regular chronicle of events. Mr. Burke contemplated this deficiency; and he also contemplated a remedy for it. He proposed the plan of the **Annual Register**, which was immediately adopted by Mr. Doddsley, and which has continued through a series of years to experience the best patronage of the public. He now became a member of that literary-club which produced the famous **RETALIATION** of **GOLDSMITH**; a poem where, though ludicrously, the poet so justly describes the qualities of his quondam friends. He thus speaks of Burke—

“ Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,  
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;  
Who, born for the universe, narrow’d his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.  
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,  
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;  
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;  
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,  
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;  
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;  
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.  
In short, ’twas his fate, unemploy’d or in place, fir,  
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.”

The extending reputation of Mr. Burke, and his  
connections

connections with men of letters, introduced him, about this period, to the notice of Mr. Fitzherbert, a Derbyshire gentleman, who, having great influence with that nobleman, soon after introduced Mr. Burke to the friendship of the Marquis of Rockingham.

*(To be continued.)*

---

### THE REFLECTOR.

[No. VI.]

Every exertion of despair, if unsuccessful, is considered as an act of lunacy, but attended with success, we then acknowledge it the sublime invention of no ordinary genius.

VAURIEN, OR SKETCHES OF THE TIMES.

TO him who contemplates with an even mind, the every-varying characters of men, few things can be more productive of thought, than the readiness with which most people decide on subjects to which they are incompetent.

In the common intercourse, and among the casual occurrences of life, there are many things to perplex and amaze us. We see accidents for which no man can account, and emoluments unexpected by all. One friend, who appeared prosperous and happy, is overthrown by a sudden gust of adversity; while another, unsolicitous of greatness, becomes eminent beyond fancy or conjecture. These are difficulties which frequently arise, and which every one is so active to discuss, that a person, unread in the world, might be curious to know in what manner they are decided. From the immediate decision which they obtain, he must either imagine that his fellow-beings are uncommonly wise, or uncommonly presumptuous.

If all the strange experiments of ambition, which have terminated unsuccessfully to their authors, could be enumerated to our view, and all the difficulties to which

which an unboastful fortitude has been steadily, though vainly opposed, we should rather wonder that any have been permanently great, than that so many have been disappointed in their projects. A daring and unconquerable spirit is certainly requisite to fame; but a daring and unconquerable spirit may never succeed. "Proud as the world is," says Dr. Young, "there is more superiority in it given than assumed." We are ever disposed to give way to him who is prepared to make way for himself, and the inferior is shortly the superior. This transaction is not without a simile, in concerns of less importance. I have seen a boy who wished to ascend a garden-wall, in order to reach the fruit it enclosed. He tries his ingenuity, and he is thwarted. In this instant arrive a number of his companions. He represents his intention to them; and promises to divide the spoil, provided they will assist him to obtain it. Not one of them has strength enough to attempt the task, but they frame, with their backs, a ladder for his ascent. He gains the prize, laughs at their credulity, and eats it himself. This is what we every day meet with. When the triumvirate divided Rome, what was become of the Roman people? and when Cromwell first entered the house of commons, can it be thought that he aspired to the protectorate? Circumstances were favourable to each, though both Cromwell and the triumvirate were indefatigable and ambitious.

Of all descriptions of men, perhaps the truly honest and diligent are the least calculated to rise. Unincited by the elevation of their neighbours, and concerned only with justice and propriety, they pursue, in one equal pace, the regular duties of their station. Those events which alike irritate or overwhelm the adventurous and designing, are neither ominous or depressing to these. They are noteless and calm, temperate and at rest. It would be difficult to entice them from the sphere in which they move, and impossible to fix them  
in

in another. From such characters there is little to apprehend. Though subject to misfortune, misfortune is half subject to them; and they have the credit of passing wisely through time, without the follies too often attendant on wisdom. To a class of beings more fanciful and sublime, animadversion is indebted for her office.

And how is that office performed? By what criterion do we judge of human actions? The head that is insolent and assuming, as well as that which is enterprising and successful, will bear away the palm of renown, while astonishment shall create admiration. When effects are better learnt than causes, and where actions are more attended to than motives, virtue must be unfairly appreciated. Imperfect are our best decisions; our rash ones are not unfrequently impious, because we judge without reason and information. And this is the judgment which we hasten to pass on most things that come under our notice!

Surely, then, forbearance is a virtue. We never know too much on any subject, and we often know but little—sometimes nothing, of many things that are offered to our consideration. Before we add to the general vote, let us examine the general report. Frequently we shall find it injudicious; not seldom unfounded. The continual changes of opinion, which cannot justly be attributed to an inconstancy in the public mind, should teach us this salutary caution. Their information is contracted or erroneous, and they tremble with the breath of rumour. They think according to the knowledge they may possess, and they change as occasion seems to dictate. Neither bodies, nor individuals of men, are contented to appear ignorant. If they have not, they will affect consequence; and that consequence is evinced in a seeming acquaintance with every object that is presented to their view. And thus an error which is formed by negligence, is

not unfrequently maintained by obstinacy. There are, indeed, certain circumstances on which mankind may decide with propriety and unanimity, because the manner in which they occurred is common to the lowest capacity: but how few of this stamp do we find among those that we are prompt to decide? The success is the mean by which we are too apt to judge of the nature and the merits of an undertaking. We seem to forget that vice is sometimes prosperous at the expence of virtue; and that the wisest of plans are often the most unfortunate. Impressed with these sentiments, no one can attend the representation of the *School for Scandal*, without considerable improvement and delight. The readiness with which we interpret the motives of others, and the issue which we adjudge to their conduct, are finely and strongly delineated in this inimitable effort of Sheridan's genius. What effect it hath had on the prating and the fashionable world, I am not enabled to ascertain: but if they frequent public amusements for any thing better than amusement, I should think that this beautiful and delicate satire can never fall pointles to the ground. It is too pleasing to offend, and too just to be mistaken.

There is certainly such a thing as making a genius; and a man of the highest merit is not seldom surprized into greatness. He is awakened by the voice of fame, and fortified by an applauding world. But the multitude do not discriminate; and they are daily awarding to despair, those praises which belong only to ambition. Both sides are astonished. The man, that he has done so much—the multitude that they have seen it done.

C.

## GOSSIPIANA.

[No. VII.]

WILCOCKS, AUTHOR OF ROMAN CONVERSATIONS.

FOR some time Mr. Wilcocks resided on his estate at Barton, in Northamptonshire. A little before he left that place, amongst several other petitioners for his benevolence, was a person, it seems, of bad character. An honest domestic stood by \*, and seeing his master give to this man equally with the rest, represented to him, with some degree of emotion, the unworthiness of that particular individual; to which, in a tone of sharpness not usual with him, Mr. Wilcocks immediately replied, "No matter for that! though he be a bad man, if he is in distress, it is our duty to relieve him."

Upon his leaving Barton, he removed for a time to Kettering, in Northamptonshire; where, as usual, his levee, of the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind, was pretty much crowded; Mr. G \* \* \*, the person with whom he lodged, had often the curiosity to observe the distribution of his bounty. To one man in particular, he saw him give a shilling; when, not being able to restrain his disapprobation of goodness so abused, he hastily exclaimed, "Sir, that man is one of the greatest rascals we have in the parish!" Mr. Wilcocks said nothing for the moment; but after some time he sent for the man back again; when Mr. G \* \* \* managed to get near enough to overhear him address the man as follows: "I find you have behaved so ill, that you have not a friend in the world. There is half-a-guinea for

\* Mr. George Pring, who now lives near Henley, upon a farm, on the opposite side of the river. He was deservedly in much esteem with Mr. Wilcocks, and lived with him *above* *forty years!*

you, to keep you from immediate want ; and now, endeavour to behave better."

Happening to be one day at Maidenhead, Mr. Wilcocks was informed of a business that could not fail to claim his attention. On inquiry, he found that an officer had just been arrested there for debt : upon which, after making himself master of the circumstances, he immediately advanced the money to discharge him, without any knowledge whatever of the person thus happily relieved.

Mr. Wilcocks became very infirm for some time previous to his decease, from the repeated shocks of apoplexy which he had received, and in consequence of a fit which attacked him, died on the 23d of December, 1791, in the 69th year of his age.

#### MR. FOX.

MR. Fox, full of sensibility and genius, always speaks from the heart, and by sympathy touches the hearts of his auditors. Learned in the laws of his country, moderate in his political sentiments : sensible of human frailty, and ever ready to grant to others the same indulgence which he may need himself, he seldom runs into extremes ; or if he sometimes suffer himself to be hurried away, it is only by that momentary warmth which he cannot avoid. But when he begins, in touching strains, to raise his voice in favour of the unfortunate, he reigns, he triumphs. Always on the side of the sufferer, his eloquence is a rich gratuity, which he lends, without interest, to the wretched : then he agitates the bosom : then he penetrates the soul : then a perceptible alteration in the tones of the orator discover the man : then the stranger in the gallery resists in vain ; he turns aside, and weeps. The aversion of one party, the idol of the other : the former accuse him of errors ; the latter extol his virtues : it does not belong to us to decide. When the tumult of opinion shall have

have ceased, and the fatigues of the public life of this celebrated man shall be terminated, the moment of justice will then be arrived : but whatever may be the judgment of posterity, the future race of the unfortunate, who in all ages form the majority, will say, "he loved our brethren once, he spoke for them."

## MR. PITT.

WHEN Mr. Pitt begins to speak in the house of commons, he brings to the recollection of his hearers the comparison which Homer makes of the eloquence of Ulysses, "to flakes of snow descending silently from the clouds." Moved, excited by the speech of the opposite representative, the assembly, full of agitation, floats in uncertainty and doubt : the Chancellor of the Exchequer rises : and his logic, which falls abundantly and gracefully from his lips, extinguishes a heat always useless and dangerous to legislators : every one, astonished, perceives his passions cool : the impressions of sentiment are effaced ; and nothing remains but truth.—Placed at the head of a great nation, Mr. Pitt must have for his enemies both those who envy his elevated station, and those whose opinions he combats. The text of the declamations against the British minister, is the fatal war in which Europe is at present involved. The principles of this war have been often discussed : as to the manner in which it has been conducted, the injustice of the charges which have been brought against the Chancellor of the Exchequer, must strike the most prejudiced minds. Are former regular wars to be brought as precedents for the present contest ? Or must those little minds be regarded, who calculate, accurately, what ought to be done now, from what has been done formerly ; we see nothing in the present struggle but battles lost or gained, and do not perceive the genius of France, in a critical convulsion, brought out by the force of events, tearing to pieces, like Hercules, those

who dare to oppose him ; throwing their bloody-limbs upon the carcase-covered plains of Italy and Flanders ; and just ready to turn his frantic hands against himself ? It may be conjectured that there exists certain unknown but regular epochs, in which the face of the world is renewed. We have the misfortune to be born at the moment of one of these great revolutions. Whatever be the result, whether fortunate or unfortunate, the present generation is ruined ; like those of the fifth and sixth centuries, when all the nations of Europe were, like rivers, suddenly turned from their course. Who would be so absurd as to expect, that Mr. Pitt should be able to overcome, by ordinary means, the fatality of events ? There are circumstances in which talents are entirely useless : give me the greatest minister, a Ximenes, a Richelieu, a De Witt, a Chatham, a Kaunitz, and you will see him dwindle into insignificance, and, as it were, vanish under the weight of affairs and existing circumstances. The contest is not, now, concerning the obscure or criminal cabals of intriguing cabinets ; or for a disputed field in the deserts of America ; it is between irresistible masses of nations, who now rush against each other in dreadful conflict, as if impelled by fate. Wars abroad ; factions at home ; misunderstanding on all sides ; enemies, whose opinions are no less destructive than their arms ; vicious courts ; finances exhausted ; governments unsteady ; for my part, I confess it is not without astonishment, that I see Mr. Pitt, supporting alone, like Atlas, the pillars of a world in ruins.

REMBRANDT: AN ESTIMATE OF HIS POWERS.

BY DANIEL DAULBY, ESQ.

IF it be the essence of painting to present to the eye a forcible and striking representation of external objects (and whatever may have been written as to the end of the art, this is all that the painter, considered simply as a painter, has to do) there are few masters whose works  
can

can stand in competition with those of Rembrandt. The mellow brilliancy of his lights, the breadth and harmony of his middle tints, and the rich depth of his shadows, give to his pictures an effect which seems to be the work of enchantment. This however is not to be considered as merely the result of light and shadow, but must be attributed to a deeper knowledge of the principles of his art. In the composition of his pictures he has seldom been equalled, never excelled. Like a simple narrative, which illustrates some one important truth, his works have, in general, no distracting episodes, no useless appendages; all appears to converge to one point, and to bring forth the intention of the artist in the clearest view. His drawing of the human figure, though remote from elegance, is often marked with the character of nature; of such nature at least as was familiar to his eye; and on that account seldom fails to interest the spectator. His expression of the passions is always energetic; but the substratum, or countenance on which they are expressed, frequently gives them a grotesque and extravagant effect, which is apt, even in the most serious subjects, to move the risibility of the spectator. To these qualifications he added a practical knowledge of his art, which enabled him to unite the most accurate touch with the utmost rapidity of execution. His tints are placed with such harmony and justness, that he was never obliged to mix them so as to lose their flower and freshness, but he artfully passed over them again to unite the lights and shades, and soften those colours which might be too crude or brilliant. All is warm and mellow in his works. Like many other eminent painters, he adopted at different periods of life, a different stile. His first was more highly finished, and is beautifully exemplified in the productions of his disciple, Gerard Douw. He delighted in great opposition of light and shadow, and carried his knowledge of the *chiaro-scuro* to the utmost extent. It is said that the room in which he usually painted,

painted, was so disposed as to admit only a strong light, and that he caused this vivid ray to strike upon that part only which he was desirous of bringing out with the greatest effect; that, on the contrary, when he would have his grounds light, he spread behind his model a cloth of the colour of the ground which he chose, and which partook of the same ray that enlightened the head; but he had resources in his genius beyond the limited effect of a light admitted into a dark chamber, and beyond any idea which such a light could suggest to him. His principles are not to be explained by any particular rule of practice; but are the result of general observations, made in taking nature for his guide, whom he regarded with a different eye than the generality of artists. Such is the ease and freedom apparent in his works, that he may be said to have realized that excellence which Lodovico Carracci professed to have been aiming at during his whole life; the art of producing, with very little trouble, that which should have a striking effect.

The talent of painting, as possessed by Rembrandt, was like a sharp weapon in the hands of a warrior, but between the power of excelling, and the proper application of that power, there seems to be no necessary connexion. On the contrary, the distinction between taste and genius is perhaps more substantial than has generally been imagined, and a great part of the productions in what are called the fine arts, are standing examples, that fertility of invention, and force of expression, have not always been accompanied by a just and accurate taste. Those painters who, like Salvator Rosa, Spagnoletto, Castiglione, and Rembrandt, have been, in a great degree self-taught, are all of them, what, in the language of the art, are denominated mannerists. What they have undertaken to represent, they represent well, according to the preconceived ideas which they have formed of it, and which the candour of the observer concedes to them, in consideration of their other excellencies.

lencies. The efforts of a vigorous fancy, embodied to the eye in the most striking manner, and under the guidance of a refined taste, would *go near* to form a perfect artist; but the annals of painting suggest not the name of a single professor who can justly boast of having united in himself these excellencies. Imperfection is the lot of humanity, and the palm of excellence is due, not to him who possessing great powers, misapplies them to inferior or unworthy purposes, nor to him who, directing himself by just principles, has not strength to attain the object which he has judgment to distinguish, but to the man who unites, in the greatest degree, the power of action with the rectitude of purpose.

The genius of Rembrandt, as an historical painter, will be more accurately determined by comparing it with that of a great Italian master, whom he resembled in many striking particulars. The same grandeur of composition, the same powerful effect of light and shadow, the same freshness of tints, which distinguish the works of Titian, and which the hand of time rather improves than impairs, characterize also the productions of Rembrandt. Minute criticism might perhaps point out some distinctions between them. The pencil of Rembrandt had more spirit, that of Titian more softness. The works of the former require to be seen at a certain distance, those of the latter please from whatever point they are viewed; yet, upon the whole, the Dutchman need not shrink from a comparison with the Venetian. But when the productions of these artists are estimated by the standard of just criticism, what an astonishing disparity is perceived between them! The human form, under the plastic hands of Titian, bears the character of a superior race. The muscular strength of manly age, the just proportions and delicious glow of female beauty, and the interesting attitudes and rosy plumpness of infancy, excite appro-  
bation

bation which will be as unchangeable as the principles on which it is founded. But surely some malicious sprite broke in upon the dreams of Rembrandt, and presented to his imagination, as the model of beauty, the perverse caricature of humanity, which, differently modified, appears in all his works. On this, the favourite object of his idolatry, he lavished all the graces of his exquisite pencil, and, infatuated by her allurements, suffered himself to be seduced from that simplicity of unadulterated nature, which is reflected to so much advantage in the mirror of art.

---

### FITZALAN.

IT was after sun-set, one evening in the decline of autumn, when, in consequence of a letter which he had just received, summoning him to attend the death-bed of a much-loved friend, the protector of his infancy, Fitzalan, after having most affectionately embraced and bade adieu to his beloved wife Edith, and his infant Edwin, mounted his steed and departed from his dwelling:—he had many miles to travel; and a great part of the road he was to pursue, lay over a bleak and dreary heath of immense extent. He quitted his home, though only for a short time, with extreme reluctance; and, notwithstanding his haste, while it remained in sight, often stopped and looked back to catch another glimpse of the place which contained all that he held dear. Edith, and her little boy, followed him to the gate; waved their hands to him while he remained visible, and when the distance, and the advance of night hid him from them, returned to the house in a melancholy mood. Edith trembled for her husband, though she knew not why: the tears stole fast down her cheeks, and little Edwin, seeing his mother weep, clasped his arms round her neck—hid his head in her bosom, and mingled his tears with hers.

Fitzalan

Fitzalan having at length lost sight of the dear objects that retarded his progress, pursued his journey with all possible celerity : in a few minutes he entered upon the heath, across which lay the road he was necessitated to take :—not a single house was to be seen before him—not a single traveller appeared, whose presence and conversation might have beguiled the tedious way he had to go. It was now night, and the moon had not yet risen. The chilling wind, that howling mournfully through the trees, scattered their shrivelled yellow foliage upon the ground ; the gloomy, spectre-like appearance of every surrounding object ; the late parting from his wife and child, and the painful nature of the duty he was then hastening to perform, all contributed to fill the bosom of Fitzalan with the most melancholy reflections. “ It is now sixteen years ago,” said he, to himself, with a sigh, “ since my brave and tender father disappeared on this heath ; slain, most probably, by the sword of some vile assassin ! Would to God that I could avenge his death ! but, alas, I know not his murderer ! The venerable sir Edmund too, the friend, the guardian of my youth ; he whose liberality preserved my independence, when the rapacious Fitzurban wrested from me my paternal domains, he will, perhaps, ere I can arrive at his castle, be no more ! I shall not have the sad satisfaction of closing those eyes that were ever turned upon me with the tenderest affection. I shall not receive the blessing of him who delighted to contribute to my happiness : but yet, all is not lost.—My faithful, my lovely Edith, my little Edwin, still remain ; and, while I possess them, I cannot be miserable.”

In this manner Fitzalan gave vent to his meditations. He had now travelled over above one-third of the heath, when he imagined that he heard, at a great distance, as the gale wafted the sound, the trampling of horses feet : he stopped for a moment, in hopes that some one might be journeying the same way with himself :

self: he listened—but, not again hearing it, he supposed that he had been deceived by the wind, sweeping through the branches of the old half-leafless trees, that were thinly scattered over the heath; he therefore proceeded: but, in a few minutes, again heard, very plainly, the noise of horsemen, advancing with great rapidity: he once more halted, and favoured by the wind, and the stillness which reigned around him, heard one of them say to the other—"By'r lady, Walter, I wish we were well out of this adventure: for if he should prove such a lion-hearted fellow, as I have been told he is, it may, perhaps, cost us some broken bones, if even it should not turn out worse?" Why, what a fool you are, Hugo!" re-joined the other, angrily. "Do you think that us two, well-armed, are not a match for him? It is very well that the baron does not hear you express your childish fears; he would, certainly, send you to keep company with the ghosts in the caverns of the castle; but, on the other hand, do but think of the angels\* we shall get possession of when we go back. Two hundred—think of that Hugo.—Sweet, pretty creatures! how I long to be fingering of them. By St. Cuthbert, I should desire no better sport than to have such a commission every day. Faith, I would soon be as rich as the baron; and not a whit less honest with it. But come, come, spur on, he cannot be far before us; and the sooner we get through the business, the sooner we shall get our reward.—But, if we should lose him through your fears, you may even go back to the castle by yourself: for my part, I would as soon meet the devil as meet the baron, when he has been disappointed in one of his projects."

Fitzalan heard this mysterious discourse with a considerable degree of anxiety: he was convinced that

\* An ancient gold coin worth ten shillings.

they

they were assassins ; and though he knew not why, yet still he was as firmly convinced, that he was the object of their pursuit. The assassins were now so near that they discovered Fitzalan, and loudly called out to him to stop. As Fitzalan disdained the least thought of flying from his enemies, even if flight would have been of any avail, he turned his horse, and, in an angry tone, demanded the reason of their insolence.—“ Ask no questions of us,” answered the ferocious Walter, “ but surrender yourself our prisoner.” “ Slave,” replied Fitzalan, instantly drawing his sword, and advancing upon the ruffian, who was not backward in doing the same. Fitzalan, at last, disarmed his opponent ; and, at the same instant, received a blow on the temple, from Hugo, who had stolen behind him, which stretched him senseless on the ground.—On recovering from his trance, he found himself bound to the horse, his hands firmly fastened behind him, and the horse led by the two ruffians who had attacked him : he repeatedly asked his conductors to what place they were conveying him, but he asked them in vain ; they preserved the most profound silence. After having travelled across the heath above an hour, the faint beams of the waning moon showed, at some distance, the turrets of a castle, which appeared, to Fitzalan, to be that of the baron Fitzurban.—He was right in his conjecture, it was the castle of Fitzurban ; and thither were the ruffians conveying him.—In a few minutes they reached it, and Walter having given the signal, the draw-bridge was let down, and Fitzalan, Hugo, and Walter, entered the outer court. A band of armed men now appeared, and Fitzalan, disarmed, and faint with loss of blood, finding it impossible to make any effectual resistance, suffered himself to be taken off the horse and fettered. He was now led by Hugo and Walter, with their swords drawn, into the inner court ; and Walter, taking a key from his pocket, applied it to a door, the lock of which was rusty with age, and it was some time be-

fore it could be made to open, but, at length, he succeeded.—He entered, followed by Fitzalan and Hugo, and descended a number of steps into a passage of great length, damp, and noisome; from which many others branched forth: at the end of this passage, a massy door, strongly bolted, presented itself. Walter drew back the bolts, and unlocking the door, conducted Fitzalan into a dungeon of considerable extent, and wet with unwholesome vapours.—In one corner lay a bundle of straw, almost rotten with age: “This, sir,” said Walter, pointing to it with a malignant smile, “is your bed; I hope you will approve of it: we will leave you to your meditations; you will be but seldom disturbed, I promise you.”

“Base, dastardly slave!” exclaimed Fitzalan, his eyes flashing with indignation. With a contemptuous sneer, Walter and his comrade now quitted the dungeon, and as they fastened the bolts, harsh and rusty from the lapse of years, Fitzalan felt his heart die within him.—He flung himself on the bed of straw, in a state of mind nearly allied to phrenzy—a thousand tender recollections presented themselves to him, and every one of them assisted to render his present situation more horrible: torn, for ever, from his Edith! from his Edwin! manacled in a dungeon, and, perhaps, on the verge of death; not a ray of hope illumined the dreary prospect before him.—“Gracious heaven!” he exclaimed, “if I had been doomed to fall in the fair face of day, on the field of glory, I had indeed been blest: but, to be *thus* immured and shackled! fated, too, to perish by the hand of some vile assassin, inglorious and unrevenged!—thus to fall, and far from those—it is too much for mortal endurance.” In exclamations like this, of mingled grief and indignation, Fitzalan gave utterance to his feelings. Yet, disastrous as his present situation was, the thought of the sorrow which his Edith would suffer from his loss, gave him a thousand times more insufferable agony than the dangers

gers to which he was exposed. Walter and Hugo, after having secured Fitzalan, proceeded to give the baron an account of the success of their mission.

(*To be continued.*)

## A CHARACTER

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE,

(Never before published.)

*On the Occasion of his celebrated Letter to the Duke of Bedford.*

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. G. HAMILTON \*,

The reputed Author of the Letters of Junius.

EDMUND Burke, not a soldier, but a politician of fortune, came over to this country with the same laudable views which actuate the vast numbers of his countrymen who emigrate; namely, to raise a fortune and a name, by the exercise of their talents and their industry. His own native merits were such as could scarce fail of distinction in any country, least of all in this, where industrious desert never misses its reward. Besides, happily, the *mauvaise honte* is not numbered among the blemishes of the Irish character. Irishmen do not,

\* He was usually denominated single-speech Hamilton; of which he was once put in mind by Mr. Bruce, when, on an insinuation of Mr. Hamilton's, "that it was highly improbable any man should make such fine drawings, as Mr. B. exhibited for his own, without ever being known to excel in design;" Mr. Bruce said—"Pray, sir, did you not once make a famous speech in the House of Commons?" "Yes, I did."—"And pray, sir, did you ever make another?"—"No, I did not." He died on the 16th day of August 1796, in his 69th year. ED.

ordinarily, hide their talents under a bushel. Mr. Burke, without any disadvantageous profundity of genius, or (perhaps) integrity of character, possessed that which is so rarely united in the same man, the two-fold advantage of eloquence, both of the tongue and pen; of the latter, in a degree superior to any cotemporary. This is not the place to inquire into the phenomena of human intellect, or to attempt the solution of that difficult problem, how minds, of apparently the most vigorous and extensive cast, like that of Burke, and many others, should be totally incompetent to the task of discrimination in certain cases, and so generally backward and defective in the comprehension of first principles.

Mr. Burke was, at no rate, of a disposition to step one single degree without those sacred bounds of religion, philosophy, or politics, prescribed by the school in which he had been bred; and indeed within those bounds, he found ample scope for his imagination to range in, fertile and extensive as it was. His interest too, and that of the order to which he aspired to belong, would, no doubt, naturally strengthen his conviction. All history and experience taught him that the world ever had been governed by aristocracy, which was fully sufficient to determine a man of his character and views, that it ever ought. His fortune first led him into the service of those who opposed the American war. It was "but the twinkling of a star" that made him the friend of America. Had his interest and his connections laid on the other side, those who have reflected upon his subsequent conduct, can feel no difficulty in convincing themselves, that he would have been as violent an advocate for the American, as he has since been for the French War. He was then young enough for his mind to have imbibed a tincture from the political company he kept. After all, though the friend and advocate of America, he, at the same time, denied the justice of that claim for which the Americans fought; the happy predicament of many of the political

political infants of that day, who sweetly prattled of taxation and representation, and understood very little of either the one or the other.

It was chance, also, which made Mr. Burke a reformer. His great connections, some of whom had, undoubtedly, good intentions towards their country, were of opinion that a reform of some kind had become absolutely necessary. The very words—liberty and reform—are of prime consideration in the vocabulary of a patriot, and the great patriot in question was never niggard of them, as long as they could serve his turn. A true disciple of St. Paul, and as capable as that great apostle, of “being all things to all men,” now that he has, for the good of his dear country, associated with men to whom liberty and reform are an antidote, he has intirely abandoned the use of them, both in name and substance.

Considering the country from whence he sprang, Mr. Burke has certainly, on one occasion, exhibited some traits of becoming modesty of character. Unlike many of his precursors and his pupils, in the course of opposition-patriotism, who, their ends once obtained, never afterwards mention the word reformation, unless to expatiate upon the great danger of it to a state, whether in peace or war; he thought it prudent to save appearances, and really laboured with commendable industry, in the operation of reforms of a certain species. These, however, he took especial care should be of that kind which could not endanger, for indeed they did not concern, the sacred foundations of our political constitution. As little did they concern the interests of the people, who, as far as ever I could learn, were generally ignorant of their nature and intent, and totally indifferent as to their issue. They were felt, I suppose, in the public offices, and in the king's kitchen; and possibly might contribute, for an hour or two, to enliven the natural insipidity of drawing-room conversation. In those circles, Mr. Burke's wonderful re-

forms, which "saved the nation," are no doubt still remembered, and possibly with respect; but had not himself taken the trouble to blazon them forth, or rather to point them out, the stupid and ungrateful people had remained totally ignorant of his services, and insensible of their own consequent salvation.

In one of his late addresses to the ungrateful country, in the shape of a pamphlet, what a tremendous storm has the wizard Burke conjured up, and how easily has he allayed it with the touch of his magic wand. He brings the people of three mighty kingdoms to the very brink of civil blood, havoc, and confusion, and, in the very moment of impending destruction, calms their boiling rage, allays their terrors, and satisfies their fierce desires; How?—patriotic reader, how?—By methodizing the office of paymaster-general, and regulating the establishment of his majesty's civil list!!!—Greater than Tom Thumb the Great, the wonder-worker Edmund, created ten thousand proper giants, and then he killed them. He discovered an invisible conflagration, which, with its mighty extent, was to envelope and devour whole nations; and he extinguished it with a school-boy's squirt!

Making all possible allowance for the inbred vanity of the man, for the vaunting garrulity of old age, for the eagerness to catch at the shadow of exculpation, under a latent, jealous sense of guilt,—is it possible? can we credit our eyes, or our understandings, when they inform us, that Mr. Burke, with all that penetrative power of mind, with all that sagacity, for which he has been so long distinguished, could publish, by way of erecting trophies to his character, such puerile, such pitiable absurdities? Were that at all needful in these days of infatuation, he has helped us to an additional and powerful argument, in proof of the position—that a man of great talents, under the controul of interest and prejudice, may reason like a madman, and act like a fool.

This

This saviour of his country, "in one session, made an analysis of the whole commercial, financial, constitutional, and foreign interests of Great Britain and its empire." He studied, it seems, political economy from his very early youth, to near the end of his services in parliament. Yet, strange to tell, notwithstanding his recondite studies, and his laborious services, our commercial and financial systems are still labouring and sinking under inveterate errors and corruptions, both in principle and practice; and, for our constitutional and foreign interests, so egregiously and wilfully have they been mistaken, that we have obviously lost our former high rank among the nations, and have idly bartered away for a shadow, the internal tranquillity of the country. How unprofitably, then (alas! that I could stop there) both for his country and mankind at large, has the life of this brilliant genius been spent!—and yet, let us not say, that Edmund Burke hath lived in vain. He shall stand recorded to posterity as an eminent example of the inutility and danger of great and shining talents, when unaccompanied with sound judgment, or alienated from the sacred cause of truth. He shall be read with caution as an author, whose wanton and glowing imagery, magically embodied in the sweetest, most appropriate, and most harmonious language, serves only to epicurize the taste, mislead the judgment, and corrupt the heart. He shall be numbered among those who swim with an amazing speed, strength, and compass upon the surface, and in the middle regions of the sea of knowledge; but who do not possess either weight, power, or inclination, sufficient to fathom its depth; such, as like *ignes fatui*, bewitch and fascinate the souls of men, not seldom to their utter undoing; among that dangerous race, in short, which seems to justify the wisdom of the old Grecian legislator, who banished eloquence from his commonwealth.

GARRICK'S

## GARRICK'S MONUMENT.

AFTER the lapse of near twenty years, a monument is, at last, erected to the memory of Garrick : a tribute which the splendid talents of the English Roscius well deserved, and which every lover of the drama has long and ardently wished to see paid to him. We think, with many others, that it has been delayed much too long, and that it ought to have been bestowed by one who possessed a nearer and a dearer name than that of *friend*. But on this we will not dwell : it is not our intention to give an account of what *should* have been, but of what *has* been done. To do this impartially, we shall first give what we consider as the artist's description of the monument, and then the opinion we have formed from a careful examination of it. The advertisement of the artist, for so we deem it, though his name is not affixed to it, (it having appeared among the advertisements in the Oracle of June the 13th) is as follows :

## GARRICK'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

" THIS interesting and well executed tribute of a private friend to the memory of a man, to whom the public owe amusement of the highest kind, being now opened for inspection, some description of it, by way of explaining the sculptor's design, may be useful and proper.

" GARRICK is represented at full length in an animated position, throwing aside a curtain, which discovers the medallion of the great poet whom he has illustrated ; while Tragedy and Comedy, adorned with their respective emblems, and half seated on a pedestal, seem to approve the tribute. The curtain itself is designed to represent the veil of ignorance and barbarism  
which

which darkened the drama of the immortal bard till the appearance of GARRICK. The caressing attitude, airy figure, and smiling countenance of the Comic Muse, is intended to describe the satisfaction she derives from, at length, beholding a memorial to her favourite; while Melpomene, with a more majestic and dignified mien, raising her veil, gazes with characteristic admiration on the "sovereign of the willing soul," whom she at once delights in and deplures.

"The similitude to GARRICK will immediately be felt by every spectator who has his features in remembrance; and where is the person of taste, who has ever once seen them, and can forget their resemblance? The whole is, indeed, very finely executed. The curtain is light and elegant; the back ground is composed of beautiful dove-coloured marble, relieving the figures, which are in pure statuary marble; and thus the harmony of the composition is complete.

"The artist is WEBBER, who served his apprenticeship to BACON, from whose successful school he went to Rome, and studied the antique.

"This monument of GARRICK was a subject worthy of his improved talents, and affords a happy earnest of what in future may be expected from them.

"The lines for the inscription were supplied by the muse of Mr. Pratt."

Such is, (if we may be allowed the phrase) the *official description* of Garrick's monument; and it now remains for us to say how far the thing itself coincides with what is thus said of it.

We will begin with the principal figure, which is that of Garrick. To the attitude of the body, we have not any objection; it is graceful and animated: but the sculptor must surely have most strangely forgot himself, to say no worse, when he turned the head away from the light. By this glaring mismanagement he has entirely lost all the advantage which would  
have

have arisen to his production from the so-much boasted likeness of Garrick. So completely is the face thrown into shade, that we will venture to assert, without the fear of being contradicted, that, on a gloomy day, no observer will be able to discriminate the lineaments of the countenance, any more than if it were placed in the most elevated part of the abbey. With respect to the hair, when we say that it is stiff, inelegant, and even paltry, we know that we shall be told—it is as Garrick wore it. This we will allow; but we nevertheless think, that the artist would have been easily justified, had he altered it to something productive of finer effect. He ought to have known, that when a strict regard to minute and trifling circumstances is not consonant with grandeur or beauty, both the sculptor and the painter have the imprescriptible right of ages to deviate from it. The right arm of the figure under consideration, is ill proportioned between the elbow and the shoulder; it is very little, if at all, thicker than it is at the wrist. This want of due proportion gives it the disgusting appearance of a withered limb. If this thinness is meant to be accounted for by the pressure of the drapery which hangs over it, the cause is inadequate to the effect. The drapery is evidently intended to appear light and easy; but, were it supposed to be ever so weighty, it would be impossible for its compression to act so violently upon the limb: even if it could, the representation ought to have been avoided. The right leg is cut off so abruptly by the figure of Tragedy, that it has the appearance of having been amputated a little below the knee. We are persuaded, that with a very small expence of thought, this blemish might have been prevented.

On the figure of tragedy we have but little to observe. It is too nearly allied to mediocrity to call forth much either of censure or applause. The countenance, we are told in the advertisement, is “dignified and majestic:” this we positively deny—and consider it as one

of

of the weakest-marked physiognomies we have ever seen: It expresses no one passion or affection; of dignity or admiration, most certainly, not a single particle. The eyes are extremely ill-finished—the less we say of them the better: they are, indeed, beneath criticism. The tresses of this figure, and likewise of Comedy, are hard and unnatural: they give not the least idea of hair. It seems, to us, that in this part of his figures, the artist studied from the *massy-wig* of Sir Cloudestly Shovel, in preference to the more elegant and natural execution displayed by Roubiliac in his delightful productions.

The figure of Comedy is by no means airy; nor does her attitude (falsely called "*careffing*," ) give us any reason to suppose that she is pleased. The body is pressed into a space too confined for it; and, thus huddled up, it brings to our remembrance Sir John Falstaff's situation, when confined in the clothes-basket, to elude the jealous rage of Master Ford. The neck is coarse and clumsy, far enough removed from all the received notions of feminine beauty. The face, it is true, has a smile upon it, but not such a smile as we should imagine to adorn the face of Thalia. The satisfaction which appears upon this visage, is of the childish kind; it appears to be that of a girl, who has had a new doll given her. If such was the idea which the artist meant to excite, we will do him the justice to say, that he has perfectly accomplished his intention.

The curtain, we are told, is intended to represent the veil of ignorance, barbarism, &c. It was certainly very judiciously done to tell the world what was meant, as it would, perhaps, puzzle three-fourths of that world to find it out. Allegory should, whenever it is employed, be clear and appropriate: it ought not to be darker than the darkest enigma. The allegory of Time and Death, on General Hargrave's monument, and that of Fame and Time on Marshal Wade's, both by Roubiliac, are obvious to the narrowest comprehension.

The

The curtain, in the present, will not be understood by any person who is not previously informed of its meaning. The folds of the lower part of it seem intended to give the effect of linen, thoroughly soaked with wet:—a little more genius, and a little more labour, would have obviated this. The line and tassel which decorate the top, would have appeared pendulous, if they had been suffered to fall, as they must of necessity have done. They would then have hid the medallion of Shakespeare; and, to avoid this, the artist has placed them in a position which, every observer must see, from the situation of the curtain, it was impossible for them to take of themselves, or even to keep when it was given to them.

The medallion of Shakespeare is of too insignificant a size to require so large a curtain. We have heard, in extenuation of this, that it was intended to introduce medallions of some other poets, but that want of room prevented it.

Such is our unbiassed opinion of the monument of Garrick, and in this opinion, we are well assured, we by no means stand alone. We have heard it asserted, with some degree of confidence, that, neither the design, or the execution of this monument, belong to Mr. Webber, but that he merely allowed his name to be put to it. A person, now deceased, has been mentioned as the modeller, and the execution of it has been assigned to a person of the name of Kendric. We know not the truth of this report; we mention it merely as report, and shall only observe that, if it be true, we would advise Mr. Webber not to degrade his name by lending it to a faulty production; while, if the assertion be more than report, we seriously recommend to him once more to visit Rome, and there study the antique, till he can produce something which will show that he has a perfect comprehension of its excellencies and beauties.

As

As we shall, no doubt, be expected to give some account of the "muse of Mr. Pratt," we will now proceed to the task. On the pedestal, under the age of Garrick, and the time of his decease, the following lines are engraved, to which Mr. Pratt has affixed his name. This we lament, as they are far, very far inferior to many of his prior productions. We are much disposed to imagine, that he contributed them more from kindness than from inclination.

To paint fair nature, by Divine command,  
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,  
A Shakespeare rose, then to expand his fame  
Wide o'er this "breathing world," a Garrick came;  
Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,  
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew;  
Though like the bard himself, in night they lay,  
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day.  
And till eternity with power sublime,  
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,  
Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin stars shall shine;  
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

S. J. PRATT.

Gentle reader, you are now in possession of the lines which are meant to do honour to the memory of one, who was himself no *indifferent poet*, and, we dare say you think with us, that they are too mean for criticism to notice. But as the well established name of their author, and their situation and intention, confer on them a degree of extraneous consequence, we will give our reasons for thinking them unworthy both of their writer and their station.

The word "paint," in the first line, is mean and equivocal; there are many other verbs much more expressive and beautiful, which might have been chosen. The epithet "fair," applied to nature, is not improper, but it is trivial; and the conclusion of the line strongly reminds us of "by command of their majesties," which we sometimes see at the head of a play-bill.

bill. The second line is a very weak one, and the contrast of "his" and "her" has a disagreeable effect. The second couplet, if we were not to allow a sufficient poetical licence, would lead us to imagine that Garrick rose immediately after Shakespeare. The third couplet is correct and animated; had the rest been like it, we should only have had to applaud. The fourth says over again, what was said by the third; and without saying it any better: indeed, much to the contrary; for the expression "call'd them back," instead of intimating greatness and power, is too familiar, not to say vulgar. Of the fifth couplet, the first line is inharmonious and weak: its want of harmony arises from its defective structure—the accent is injudiciously thrown on the first syllable, which is the conjunction "and," a word which ought never to receive the accent, when it may, with equal propriety, be laid elsewhere. The word "eternity," immediately after, adds to the inelegance: it has four syllables, and of these four, but one is accented with any force. The concluding word of the line appears to be lugged in for the purpose of rhyming to "time" in the next. The following line is not so unmusical, but it is equally weak: the verb "mark," is languid, and indeed improper, as it accords not with the "power sublime" of eternity, just before mentioned. The last couplet to which we are very happy that we have reached, is liable to as many objections as the preceding ones. The first line of it affirms an untruth, for great as the fame of Garrick will, without doubt, always remain, it can never equal the fame of Shakespeare, any more than the *borrowed* lustre of the moon can equal the *original* splendour of the sun. The substantive "stars," is too trivial for the office assigned to it in the next line, and the epithet "twin," affixed to it, is palpable nonsense, as it implies the co-existence of the two characters. The last line is harsh in sound, and weak in expression. The word "beam," in this line, is liable to the same objection

tion as the word "stars" in the preceding one; and the epithet "divine" was used, we suppose, because it was necessary to have a rhyme to the word "shine."

And now, having gone regularly through these inane lines, let us seriously ask—if it was impossible to procure something more like poetry! If so, those who exclaim that this is not the age of poetry, are certainly in the right. But we think far otherwise of the present poetical character of our country. We are convinced, that there are many who are truly the children of the muse; and convinced of this, we must wonder that the talents of Garrick have not called forth a more worthy tribute of justice and admiration.

To compensate our readers, in some degree, for the want of energy in Mr. Pratt's rhymes, we will present them with some lines, written some years ago, by William Julius Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, and author of several poems, which powerfully speak the inspiration of the muse.

### UPON MR. GARRICK.

BY THE LATE MR. MICKLE.

Fair was the graceful form Prometheus made,  
 Its front, the image of the God display'd:  
 All heaven approv'd it, ere Minerva stole  
 The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.  
 So Shakespeare's page, the flower of poesy,  
 Ere Garrick rose, had charms for every eye;  
 'Twas nature's genuine image, wild and grand,  
 The strong mark'd picture of a master's hand.  
 But when *his* Garrick—Shakespeare's Pallas came,  
 The bard's bold painting burst into a flame:  
 Each part, new force and vital warmth receiv'd,  
 As touch'd by heaven—and all the picture liv'd.

SKETCHES  
OF THE  
REPUBLICAN ARMIES IN GERMANY.

(An original Contribution.)

MY DEAR SIR,

ON my return to the continent, I promised to send you some account of the French armies. Hitherto it was entirely out of my power : but annexed, I have the pleasure, in part, to transmit you some authentic anecdotes of the Republican generals. Strange, perhaps, as they may appear to the British public, they are, nevertheless, true ; and I have taken great pains to be well-informed of every particular before I committed it to paper.

Yours, &c.

*Max Sayn,  
the 13th June, 1797.*

TEUTHOLD DER TENKTERER.

WHEN the French army of the Sambre and Meuse crossed the Rhine, under the command of General Jourdan, the right column took its rout, over the main road, to Siegen and Wetzlar. One of the divisions that composed it, was commanded by the renowned Lefevre ; at that time the advanced guard of the column, as it was composed of light armed troops. In this division there was a general of brigade, named Soult, a man of low birth, who, before the revolution, was a private soldier, though he is an officer of rank. He had contrived to acquire that rapaciousness which seems to compose the chief character of the French generals.—Brutal in his manner and person, he was at once generally detested by his men, and by the unfortunate inhabitants of those places which, in a manner, became his prey.

It

It was the unfortunate lot of the small city of Hachenburg, on the Westerwald, to fall into the hands of the above General Soult; and his entrance was marked with the common requisitions, made for the use of the Republic. As for the General, instead of quartering himself at the castle, he preferred the house of an apothecary, one of the most respectable in the town. His reception was as polite as could be expected; and he was furnished, with alacrity, with every thing the house afforded, in order to treat him according to his rank: thus far nothing had been spared to satisfy his demands. But on the morrow, the cook, enquiring for the master of the house, demanded some wine for the General's breakfast. Being presented with six bottles, he refused them, by asking whether they meant to insult him, in offering so scanty a pittance? he must, at least, have from forty to fifty bottles.—In consequence of this, the host went up stairs, and stated the matter to General Soult, who very abruptly gave for answer, "that the cook must be furnished with whatever he wanted." The master of the house now proceeded to his cellar, in order to comply with the demand; when, no sooner had he opened the door, than the cook entered with some chasseurs, turned him out, and in two hours after he was gratified with the sight of seeing his whole stock packed up in carts before his door, and sent off.

This was the first time that General Soult established his reputation at Hachenburg, and but little did the poor inhabitants think they should again become his victims.

After the defeat which the Republicans experienced on the banks of the Lahn, by Marshal Count Clerfayte, the whole of their troops were forced to make a precipitate and disorderly retreat. The rear-guard again fell to the lot of Lefevre's division, when General Soult, at the head of a brigade of chasseurs, *a cheval*, entered Hachenburg; where every house was shut and barricaded, as the inhabitants hourly expected a skirmish

between the Imperialists and French. The General rode directly to the Burgomaster's house; and insisted on seeing him. The old man, forced to comply, went out to him, when Soult, in person, seized him by the collar, and putting a cocked pistol to his breast, demanded a hundred Louis d'ors for himself and his men. In vain the terrified old magistrate informed the General, that, in consequence of their contributions and requisitions, not a hundred Louis were to be had in the town: Still this courageous hero threatened to blow his brains out if he did not deliver them. At length, the Burgomaster had the boldness to tell him, that he had about forty crowns in the house, which he could give him.—These the General accepted of, after honouring the donor with the title of *bete Allemande*; while his chafseurs so ill-treated the castle gardener, that he died a few days after, leaving a large family exposed to indigence and want. Thus far we have attended General Soult; and now a few words of Hoche, the present commander in chief.

On account of the sufferings which the inhabitants of Neuwied, on the Rhine, had undergone, Field Marshal Lieutenant Baron Kray proposed, to General Hoche, "That the above town should be considered as *neutral* and free from all war service, requisitions, &c. to both parties, for the present campaign." After a great deal of negociation it was agreed on, as General Hoche was to share a bribe of twelve thousand crowns, with a certain Countess, of Greifenklau, (a woman of vile character) who had undertook to become the mediator. Accordingly the town was declared neutral, the day previous to Hoche's army crossing the Rhine; and the money was paid about a week after, when the treaty of Archduke Charles and Buonaparte became known. But no sooner was that treaty received, than, contrary to all national faith and honour, five hundred men were quartered upon the inhabitants, and every kind of requisition

quisition made, on pretence that the campaign was at an end. It was in vain that the Austrian officer (Captain Erdmann, of Odonnell) protested against their proceedings. Silence was imposed on him; and, on his refusing to comply therewith, he, with his guard of twenty men, were ordered to quit the town, escorted by a military convoy, more resembling thieves than soldiers.

This is not the only piece of infamy of which General Hoche has been guilty. The free Imperial city of Wetzlar had, long before the recommencement of hostilities, been declared neutral; but, when General Hoche had thrown back the Imperial troops beyond Frankfort, a body was quartered on the city of Wetzlar, and considerable requisitions made by the armies of the Republic. It was natural for the inhabitants to plead their neutrality; but they did it to no purpose. They were necessitated to submit, when the infamous Countess of Greifenklau offered to rid them of every military incumbrance, on condition of their paying ten thousand crowns, which, she hinted, were to be shared between her and the *Commander in Chief*! The magistracy eagerly accepted the offer, as the familiar footing which subsisted between General Hoche and this lady was too well understood.

On the succeeding day, she informed the burgomaster, that the General required four thousand crowns more; after some deliberation, these were given to her: but what could equal the surprise of the senate, when Hoche, the next day, notified to them through the medium of his adjutant, that the vile attempts to bribe him had not succeeded; but that, to punish them, he would retain the money offered, and further impose upon them a contribution of two hundred thousand livres, to be paid immediately.

(To be continued.)

SELIM

*SELIM III.*

BY JAMES DALLAWAY, M. B. F. S. A.

Late Chaplain and Physician of the British Embassy  
to the Porte.

A FEW anecdotes of the sultan \*, and the present ruling cabinet, which I offer as genuine, may not be unacceptable, as various causes seem at this juncture to conspire, by which the Ottoman court may take a more active part on the great political theatre of Europe. Sultan Selim III. is the eldest male descendant of the house of Osman, who in 1299 established the fifth dynasty of the kalifes. At the death of his father Mustafa III. in 1775, he was fourteen years old. According to the known precedent amongst the Turks, Abdul-hamid, his uncle, succeeded to the throne; for they disdain to be governed either by a woman or a boy.

At his accession, Abdul-hamid had reached the age of forty-nine, and during the fifteen years reign of his brother Mustafa had endured a state of imprisonment, which the jealous policy of the seraglio had long ordained †. As a solace of his confinement, he cultivated literature and the arts of peace. His disposition, mild and beneficent, induced him to forego the ancient prejudice, and to superintend the education of Sultan Selim, giving him every liberal indulgence. Sultan Mustafa, and Sultan Mahmood, the sons of Abul-hamid, and the only remaining heirs of the empire, are both minors. They experience a generous return for their father's kindness, and are treated with suitable respect.

\* The public style and title of the sultan abound in Asiatic hyperbole; he is called "Governor of the earth, Lord of three continents and two seas," and very frequently "Hunkiar the slayer of men."

† "Bears like a Turk, no brother near the throne."

Each

Each has his separate suite of apartments, and sixty attendants, amongst whom are thirty elderly female slaves, with an annual revenue of 5000*l.* sterling. The good muselman, who laments the possible extinction of the imperial family, is comforted by the astrologers, who have publicly declared, that after he has attained to forty years, Sultan Selim will be blessed with a numerous progeny.

His countenance is handsome and impressive, and his figure good; he is affable, and possesses much speculative genius, is not ill-informed of the characters and separate interests of his contemporary princes, and has every inclination to reconcile his subjects to the superior expediency of European maxims, both in politics and war. But it is dubious if he be capable of that energetic activity, and that personal exertion, which are required in an absolute prince to re-model a people whose opinions are not to be changed but by an universal revolution.

Peter the Great and Charles XII. in their plans of regenerating, or conquering the Russians, did not depend solely upon the agency of ministers for success.

The curiosity of Selim respecting the other nations of Europe, originated in frequent conversations with Rachib Effendi, the present historiographer-royal, who was for some time envoy at Vienna, after the last war. Those who have gained his confidence since the commencement of his reign, have consulted that inclination, and improved every opportunity of extending his intelligence on those subjects. I have heard it asserted, that the young men in the seraglio are now instructed in the French language by his command; and his partiality to French wine is no secret amongst the well informed.

The first efforts towards improvement have been applied to the army and marine. Forts have been erected on the Bosphorus, regiments have been trained

to European discipline, chiefly by French officers, and the fleet will become in a certain degree formidable.

When he has leisure to render his vast territory, at least in the vicinity of his capital, more reserablant of civilized nations, he will probably establish a post, which may facilitate communication between distant provinces. During the last war many places of importance were taken, or evacuated, weeks before the ministry were in possession of the fact.

The only imperial works now seen in his dominions are mosques, aqueducts, and fountains; he may hereafter turn his attention to great roads, now barely passable, which would be as useful monuments of his fame.

Mehmèt Mèlek Pasha, the late visier, resigned in 1794. He was a favourite, in his youth, of Mustafa III. who gave him his sister in marriage, and the appellation of Melèk, or the Angel, on account of his singular beauty; for the Turks usually take their surname from some personal excellence or peculiarity. After having enjoyed some of the most lucrative governments in the empire, he returned to Constantinople, and was called to the visirate, at the advanced age of ninety years, in 1789. He has retired to his palace on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and, as an extraordinary fact in natural history, has had a son born to him, whose legitimacy cannot be invalidated.

The present system of government aims at the suppression of the former sole authority of the visier, and has reduced him to a mere member of the cabinet council. As the sultan takes a more active share than his predecessor in public affairs, and listens to more advisers, it seems to draw to an end. The visier now in office is likewise a harmless old man, so that they may probably soon "sit state-statues only\*."

\* Shakespeare's Henry VIII. Act i. Scene 2.

The ruling persons of the present day are, 1. Yüsuf Agha, kiayah, or high-steward to the sultan's mother, who retains a very decided influence with him. Yüsuf's private life has been marked by uncommon circumstances. He is a native of Candia, and was originally a writer to a ship, from which employment he passed into the service of Abdullâh Pasha, beglerbey of Anatolia, residing at Kutayah. During ten years he so ingratiated himself with the pasha, that he determined to secure to him his great wealth in his life-time. Accordingly he gave him intire possession, ordering him to fly to the Porte, and to urge the heaviest complaints against him for his injustice and ill-treatment. Meanwhile the pasha died. The Capidji bashi was dispatched by the sultan to seize the treasure, but found nothing; and Yüsuf, from the predicament in which he stood, was the last person to be suspected. With this wealth he lived in splendour at Constantinople, and frequented the audiences of the visier. He was soon appointed taraphanâ eminy, or master of the mint, from which he was advanced to his present post.

2. Ratib Effendi has twice held the important office of reis-effendi, or secretary of state. He rose from a public clerk, passing through all the preliminary gradations with distinguished ability. He is beyond comparison the best-informed and most capable minister in the cabinet.

3. Tchiüsfeh, kiayah, or deputy to the visier, is at the head of the finance, and planned the new taxes.

The present capudân pasha, or high admiral, called Kuchuk Hussein, from his diminutive stature, was a Georgian slave, and the companion of the sultan in his childhood. From the seraglio he emerged to take the command of the navy, it may be presumed without much previous acquaintance with maritime affairs. But his administration has been very beneficial; for he has raised the marine from the miserable state it was left in at the conclusion of the Russian war, to respectability.

spectability. The new ships are built under the inspection of European surveyors, and French nautical terms have been adopted. At the beginning of the present century, the Turkish fleet consisted of 32 ships of the line, 34 galleys, and some brigantines; they can now send to sea 14 first rates, 6 frigates, and 50 sloops of war.

Every spring he leaves Constantinople with a few ships, to visit the Archipelago, to receive the capitation tax from the different islands, and to free the seas from pirates, and the Maltese cruisers. The time of his coming is generally known, so that the service is little more than a matter of form. His reception by the sultan, both at his departure and return, is a brilliant spectacle. He is married to the only daughter of Abdul-hamid, and is honoured with the private friendship of his sovereign.

Every scheme for defending the coasts of the Black sea, by forts and batteries, and for military regulations, is submitted to Cheliby Effendi, who surveys their execution, if approved \*. He was master of the mathematical school, founded in 1773 by Ghazi, Hassan pasha, a very celebrated character in the last reign.

This extraordinary person was, likewise, a Georgian slave, and afterward a Barbary corsair. Having been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, he passed six years of

\* In 1784 a school of theoretical navigation was instituted by the visier Hamid Halil Pasha, who was beheaded the next year.

Boscovitz discovered errors in the navigation of the Black sea, by which so many lives are annually lost, but no salutary reformation has taken place.

The first idea of European fortifications was given to the Turks by Baron de Tott, who was employed to erect those at the Dardanelles, and at the mouth of the Bosphorus. Had his plans been adopted to their full extent, they would not have looked so much like card-boxes; but the Turks curtail all their national works by parsimony and jobbing.

slavery

slavery at Madrid, from whence he was sent to Naples, where he was exchanged, and returned to Constantinople. His reputation for personal courage procured him the command of a galley, and afterward of a frigate. At the unfortunate battle of Chesmè he had a ship of the line under Jaffer, capudan pasha, who upon his disgrace died of chagrin, and was succeeded by Hassan.

He was extremely whimsical, and kept a lion's whelp always on his sofa, which he had trained up to follow him, but which, having killed one of the domestics, was afterward chained. He became visier, and died at the age of more than seventy, in the camp against the Russians, not without suspicion of poison. So singular was his bravery, and so frequent his successes, that he assumed the name of Ghazi, the victorious. Abdul-hamid was fearful, and considered the safety of the empire endangered by his absence from Constantinople.

Of his prevailing influence the following relation is a proof, and gives traits of secret machinations practised in the seraglio.

One of his slaves, named Yusuf, had so recommended himself by superior talents, that he gave him liberty, and promotion to the most considerable offices. At the time Yusuf returned from his government of the Morea, to take upon him the office of visier, Mavroyeni, a Greek of a noble family, was the drogoman, or interpreter, to his patron Hassan. Petraki, another Greek, was master of the mint, and imperial banker, and had amassed seven millions of piastres.

This man being ambitious of becoming prince of Wallachia, he three times procured the appointment of Mavroyeni to that high station, who had the interest Hassan and the visier to be superseded. But they, impatient of the disappointment, represented to Abdul-hamid, that the people demanded the life of Petraki in atonement of his peculation, who timidly consented to

his execution, and he was instantly imprisoned. On the very day of the high ceremony of Mavro-yeni's investiture, he was led to the gate of the seraglio to kiss his stirrup, and sue for pardon. At that instant the executioner struck off his head, and Mavro-yeni had the satisfaction of seeing his rival dead at his feet. Another Hassan pasha, who hated him, becoming visier, ordered him to be beheaded upon the charge of betraying Giurgevow, the first Turkish fortress upon the Danube, to the Germans. He died a Mussulman. Abdul-hamid, when informed of the last-mentioned circumstance, was so far convinced of his innocence, that in a few months the vindictive visier shared the same fate.

---

#### DELEGATE PARKER.

VANITY so often spurs men onward to the commission of deeds, at which, when their ardour abates, cooler reflection shrinks, that we no longer wonder at the perpetration of high atrocities in the different genders of crime, for the avowed purpose of obtaining a name celebrated in history, or with the hope of present renown among contemporaries. Even men of moderation are insecure from the tinctures of this mania, while the political hemisphere is agitated beyond precedent, and every day calls into action latent powers or creates new. It was this failing which incited the heads of revolt in France; vanity planted one constitution on the ruins of another; vanity suggested to her generals that they were the Leonidas' of the age, or the Alexanders of modern times: success or disgrace, conquest or defeat, stamped their characters with contending politicians, and validated their claim to fame, or drove them from her portico. The same virtuous love of fame (for who will distinguish a synonyme?) told Barrington to excel in picking pockets, and propelled

pelled Bampfylde-Moore-Carew from arctic to antarctic, *en fugitif*; and it whispered to Jack the Painter the glory of conflagration. The ostensible motive widely differed; but the effect in all is the same:—A name given to futurity.

Such were the reflections produced by reading accounts of Richard Parker, inducing a belief that this unfortunate man was the decided enemy of the state, who sought for and worked her downfall; himself the tool of designing men, and his efforts directed by them towards the subversion of order, and the establishment of a paradox—the *rule of chaos*! These accounts have given to the arch-delegate at least as many places of birth as the fabulists ascribe to old Homer; the qualities of his soul, and the acquirements of his understanding, have been represented equally various; though they are not so numerous, because they admit not of so many gradations, as his height, voice, or features.

Than such narratives, nothing can be more defamatory, nothing wider from the truth, or productive of more baneful effect on the public mind. Parker is neither athirst for a name, allied with secret nor our open foes\*; it was equally heinous to couple his name with the enemies of social order, and the outcasts of civil society. We are not desirous of becoming the advocates of a man whose errors or whose crimes render him suspected, without sufficient cause; we are less so, to acquit any one by the testimony of intentions, where actions are on record irreconcilable with the commonwealth. Yet, can we shut our eyes, our ears, our sense of perception, the discrimination of right and wrong? Is the groundless fear of a traitorous fleet so lately vanished from our imagination, that we cannot discern? Yes—we can assert again, that whatever direction the

\* The reader is desired to keep in mind, that the first sections were written before the late catastrophe. EDITOR.

late affair might have taken, no preconcerted plan of proceeding appears upon evidence, no scheme of aggrandizement, nor a single *intention* inimical to the general interest, further than irregular and daring demands, incompatible perhaps with armed subordination, but not so inconsistent with equity; nor meanly valued, or slightly understood by the dictators of the ocean. Inconsiderate tars! in whom the endurance of peril and fatigue had superseded justness of reflection, overstepping the bounds which parliament, in its wisdom, thought equitable, asking they had not digested what, and complaining they had not well considered why. A set of vitiated journalists, the hirelings of a day, the rank scions of a free press! seize the happy occasion, and, at a loss for a name whereon to wreak their personalities, "the *forte* of all the venom'd tribe," they exalt into celebrity, or hold up to infamy, the name of Richard Parker, who in their details is made to assume more shapes than Prometheus himself.

Unbiaſſed by public rumour, unſnared in the goadings of venality, unentangled in the Machiavelian cry of state-neceſſity, or miniſterial contradiction, in common with the compassionate (and it is hoped diſcerning part of the nation) we viewed with regret\* the overwhelming efforts againſt the preſident of a committee, whoſe aſſociates had aſked for a removal of grievances confeſſed, and were treated with contempt; who had complained, and were answered with ſilence; who reſolutely threatened, and were dreaded, ſoothed, and half-redreſſed. A conduct more likely to court freſh demands than the *weakneſs* of our nature could

\* For two reaſons: the chiefſt humanity; the other ariſing from an intimate acquaintance with the characteristic of ſeamen, which attaches them together in peril, creates even love for the ſhip, though no living ſoul remain on board with whom he has failed—and a thorough conviction of the policy of a well-timed act of grace.

have

have advised. This man, whose actions have been racked, his words distorted, and his death accelerated, with one bold stroke of the pen put to flight all the courage of a horde, and with another of moderation, determined his own fate, whilst he allayed the dubious fears of pretended patriots, and self-convicted sycophants. The page of history already falters at the recital; and twenty years may not elapse ere a new Smollet will essay to vindicate another Byng\*.

The purposes of biography vary according to the subject on which it dilates. The pious and good man is held up to our veneration, the moralist to instruct us, the man of science to spur our imitative powers, and the example of genius excites emulation. The exit of a desperado forms an awful anti-climax to the narration of his wicked courses; while he who sinks under oppression, chicane, or misfortune, claims in silence our commiseration, and every link of humanity would fly to his aid, even though the mild precepts of christianity did not command our observance of this second law of nature. But, if the different species of biography are thus distinctively marked, there is one point which should concentrate the whole: that is, *in doing justice to its subject*; a genera of the *ars scribendi*, not over numerous. This quality is indispensibly requisite, where the public opinion has been goaded into an excess of detestation, or the contrary; and this will (as it ought) pervade the present Memoirs of

### RICHARD PARKER.

The parish of St. Mary Major, in the City of Exeter, gave birth to Richard Parker, in the year 1763. His father (of the same name) had three children—

\* This brave seaman had been executed so LONG before any reputable writer presumed to think him innocent. No one now doubts, that he was sacrificed to party.

1. John, now living; 2. Richard, the subject of these memoirs; and 3. a daughter, who died at the age of maturity: having encreased his paternal inheritance, as a respectable baker, to 200l. per annum, he retired about eight years since, hoping to pass in quiet through the vale of life. Old Mr. Parker still resides at the aforementioned city, cherishing with becoming ardour the unfathered offspring, and more than manly reliſt, of his much-to-be-lamented son. The family connections of the Parkers are respectable, and it is believed derive their descent, collaterally, from John Parker of Bunington, who in the reign of Elizabeth served the office of sheriff for the county, as several of his successors did in the reign of James I. Charles I. and James II.; at least, Richard piqued himself on his worthy ancestry in the north of Devon\*, while the correctness of this deduction is by no means quite obvious.

The youth of Richard, besides the tricks incident to juvenility, did not exhibit any extraordinary traits; nor is he remembered to have achieved aught which could warrant a belief, that he might one day meet death in a way which different dispositions will think heroic, or term disgraceful. At the proper age, he was placed at a grammar-school in the neighbourhood; but his progress in these sort of studies was not such as to meet the sanguine expectation of his parents; and an abortive attempt to controul his passion for a sea-life, adds one more proof to those already extant, that the mind, unlike the body, cannot be shackled.

D.

\* Bunington is 23 miles north of Exeter, in the county of Devon. We give our information as Apocryphal, and wish to be set right.

*(To be continued.)*

PHYSIOGNOMY

## PHYSIOGNOMY OF PENS\*.

MR. EDITOR,

THE public are much indebted to an ingenious "Searcher," for bringing forward a science so very interesting as that of the "Physiognomy of Pens:" and I lament that a person, seemingly so well qualified, has not pursued his researches a little farther, and devoted a small portion more of his time to the investigation of his subject. But since he seems to have declined the enquiry, I have, with considerable reluctance, been induced to take upon me the correction of some errors which he has committed, and an endeavour to place the subject in a more clear and rational point of view.

There is scarcely an individual of any observation or experience in the world, who can deny the truth of physiognomy. Every person whom we meet with has something marked in his countenance, which reflects some property of his mind. We can generally discover, upon the first view, whether the disposition of a man be morose or gentle; whether he be an idiot or a man of genius. But I do not imagine that the result of all our enquiries, will ever enable us to form any idea of the symmetry, or particular make of an author's face, by the perusal of his writings. Shenstone professed only to decypher in the *hand-writing* of a person the *inflexions* of his mind; nor do I think that we can pursue this science any farther, than to trace in the matter written, the peculiar elegance, delicacy, and sensibility of the writer's mind.

Dr. Adam Smith, in his "Theory of Moral Sentiment," has, in an essay on sympathy, clearly demonstrated, that our sensations are very nearly alike on

\* Vide vol. i. p. 219, where the present enquiry originated.

viewing the same object. The same arguments will hold equally good in mental vision; not only as it regards two or more persons who read the same work, but likewise as it respects the sympathy which exists between an author and his readers. For on the perusal of a book we generally experience the same feelings, and nearly the same sensations as the author must have felt in the composition. If his imagination traverse the wide region of imaginary worlds, we follow through every scene, and are equally captivated with their beauties; if he descend to the miseries and calamities of mankind, still are we with him, and affected by every anguish which he depicts; if he employ the powers of his intellect in metaphysical enquiry and logical deduction, we accompany him through every abstract reasoning, experience the same doubts, and are convinced by nearly the same arguments. Thus, through a spirit of sympathy we are enabled, to a considerable degree of truth and correctness, to ascertain the excellence and beauty of a writer's mental qualities. And when he relates the tale of woe, and paints the misery and distress in which he heartily sympathizes, his feelings will dictate language which shall impress it with the same force on, and convey it with equal energy to, the mind of his reader.

In reading the productions of an author, the generality of mankind are seldom led to form a proper estimate of his mental beauties. The reason appears to me to be, the mistaken idea which they entertain of writers, and of their particular province, latitude, and power. Persons unaccustomed to writing, think nothing more is requisite to captivate the fancy and awaken the sensibility of a reader, than a fertile imagination, an easy flow of words, and a choice collection of phrases. This may be true in part. But the heart of him who is insensible to the calls of humanity, which melts not at the distresses of mankind, and stands unmoved at the most soothing eloquence of affliction, can

never

never dictate the glowing language of pity and benevolence. He may captivate the senses by the beauty of his innagery, and the harmonious turn of his periods, but he never will be able to penetrate the heart or awaken the sensibility of his readers.

I confess to you, sir, my gravity was put to a severe trial, when I perused the examples adduced by the gentleman to illustrate his subject. The idea of a black man, under the signature of a lady, captivating by his writings the affections of a poet, is truly novel: and the preceding, though not quite so singular, is an incident scarcely ever witnessed among men of enlarged minds and real abilities; for I can entertain but a mean opinion of that man, who, having been captivated by the writings of a female whom he had never seen, could, on beholding her, cease to be delighted. The gentleman says, "The lady's lines had been *misread*:" but he surely is wrong in this assertion, because her lines, to have produced such an effect, must have been dictated by a mind possessing the most elegant accomplishments, therefore it was the reader's judgment that must have been *misled*, in conceiving mental elegance to be allied only to corporeal beauty; and the corruption of his taste, in not being sensible of the value of an enlightened and accomplished mind, independent of the secondary possession of a finely formed face, and genteel person.

The writer of the "Plaintiff, No. II." has laboured under an evident mistake through the greater part of his essay. He has confounded two principles, or rather two distinct sciences, and thus made several parts of his enquiry appear inconsistent and fallacious. He has, in one place, introduced Cleopatra as a woman possessed of no great personal charms, and immediately after he introduces Des Cartes' Admiration of Newton; thus confounding beauty of person, and superiority of mind. All that we can judge of the face, from the writings of a person, is his countenance. When reading the works

of Newton, we imagine to ourselves a countenance serene, elevated, mild, and at the same time majestic. The essays of Locke bring to our view a countenance more grave, fixed, and profound; and the writings of Sterne present us with a face much lighter in appearance; sometimes shrewd, at others pleasant, and frequently exhibiting a light, yet captivating pathos. There are particular sentences and expressions in most writings of men of genius, which serve to shew what their minds are equal to, when properly stimulated and exerted. Who cannot trace in the following very animated passage, the features which must have marked the countenance of the indignant Cicero? "*Quosque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia?*" There are many passages which may be quoted, whereby we may trace the elegance and force of the writer's mind, and, at the same time, form an idea of his countenance; but I think it useless to bring forward any more. The connection between the mind and the countenance has, I think, been clearly proved; and the certainty of the "*Physiognomy of Pens.*," in a great measure established. In the few ideas which I have offered you, there are, I doubt not, many errors: therefore let no one who shall read them, take the conclusions for fact, until he has first well weighed them in his own mind; and if he find any that are false and erroneous, I shall feel myself obliged by his making them known, and substituting, in their stead, principles which are true, and which will tend to throw a new light upon the subject.

T. REES.

MOUNT

## MOUNT OLYMPUS.

BY JAMES DALLAWAY, M. B. F. S. A.

Late Chaplain and Physician of the British Embassy  
to the Porte.

THE evening view of Brusa was brilliantly lighted up by the glow of the setting sun. The horizon was intirely of the most transparent azure, and the skirting clouds were light and fleecy, suspended considerably below the bare cliffs. Nothing could exceed the clearness of tint which pervaded every part of this lively landscape. From the extreme\* thinness of the air, very distant objects are brought so much forwarder than in England, that they appear with lustre; and the haziness with which even a confined view is frequently obstructed, is almost unknown here.

The next morning we commenced the ascent of Mount Olympus, one of the most arduous that can be imagined. It is a collection of vast mountains, about forty miles in circumference, heaped one on another, rather than a single mass; and may be divided into three regions. The first abounds in mulberry, and various shrubs; we then came to a chesnut grove, which leads to a plain, and is the summit immediately visible from the vale below. The ancient inhabitants instituted orgies in honour of Hylas, the favourite of Hercules, and ran about this forest calling as if in search of him. Wandering hordes of shepherds of the Turcoman race, with their temporary villages, frequently occupy these heights. Advancing a mile or two, we entered a grove of pine and silver fir, and the greater part having been lately burnt, exhibited a very sombre appearance. Indeed, with any but Turcoman horses, the access would be absolutely impracticable, but their

\* " ——— The pure marble air."

PAR. LQST, b. iii. l. 464.

steadiness

steadiness and agility is wonderful. The second region of level ground was at length gained, which is covered with huge fragments of rock, worn smooth, of granite, marble, and talk. There are innumerable bushes of juniper.

“Stant et juniperi et castanæ hirsutæ.”

VIRG.

The distance from Brusa now exceeded ten miles; and the greater part of this formidable tract is as steep as the common elevation of a flight of steps. Excepting where it leads through groves, the path is upon the brink of an abyss, so profound, that the eye can scarcely perceive the bases of the frequent defiles, which intersect each other. The epithet of “many-vallied,” which Homer applies to the Thessalian Olympus, is equally descriptive of this mountain\*. Of lofty views, few from mere height are superior: it commands the sea of Marmara, with the domes of Constantinople occasionally to be seen, the gulph of Modania, the lake of Apollonia, and the dividing chain of Bithynian mountains, which, without exaggeration, dwindle into mere hillocks. Comparison is here our only scale of mensuration, and where chain is thus linked to chain, an attempt to be exact is unattainable, and would be endless. A level plain extends for some miles, when farther to the south-east another mountain, of volcanic shape, having a crater, crowns this immense accumulation, and completes one of the highest summits in the world. Immediately under it is a large pool, which produces a delicate fish called the alabaluk, reserved

\* *Shakespeare's* description of *Hamlet*, is as literally applicable.

“Mercury,  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:  
————— or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.”

for

for the sultan's table. We did not advance farther than the second region; where, it must be said, that the objects become so remote and diminished, that the landscape is only curious, and would not, independently considered, answer the fatigue and danger of such a journey, or reward the toil of a painful perpendicular march of so many miles.

Our route conducted us through the lower division of Bithynia, called Olympea, over a vast plain with scanty plats of corn, at best but cultivated dreariness, parched, and totally unpicturesque. At four hours progress we saw the lake of Apollonia, and turning round, the whole of mount Olympus blended in one mass; and the third region, although so distant from the others, seemingly incorporated with them.

The whole was beautifully illuminated for the instant, but very soon enveloped with clouds. We rode round the sedges, the refuge of many species of wild fowl, which are seldom interrupted, and hover about, as if conscious of security. The peasants were busied in gathering the reeds, which, when dried, are used for the roofs of their cottages.

---

### MENTAL BEAUTY.

**D**RINKING tea a few weeks ago with some female friends, a young lady, whom I had never before seen, was one of the party. I am not apt to be struck at first sight; but the attractions of this lady operated with magnetic force. The *total ensemble* of her features, though not regularly beautiful, was such as to behold and not admire, was impossible. A mild unassuming deportment prevented my forming a decided judgment, but a suavity of disposition, with some strong traits of native sense and delicacy portrayed in her countenance, deeply impressed me with the most favourable ideas.

VOL. II.

F

I after-

I afterwards learned, that she had not long been out of the country, where, under the tuition of a maiden aunt, she had passed a life of seclusion. I have since had repeated opportunities of conversing with her.—Her rural manners, wanting that fine polish which adorns the spheres of higher life, were yet so far refined, as to display each intellectual virtue in its purest colours; and her mild modesty and artless demeanour more than atoned for the trivial deficiency.

How infinitely superior are mental beauties to the finest form that nature's pencil can delineate! When every exterior charm which now adorns the amiable Louisa shall vanish; when the roses of her cheeks shall fade, and the lily's fairer hue decay, the bright beauties of her mind will still bloom with renovated youth.

I found her, one morning, attentively perusing M. Bruyere's characters; and another, with Rochefoucault's maxims before her: her collection of books consisted of a general history, the most approved moral writings of the English and French nations, and selections of the best English poetry.—How different from the library of a fine-bred lady:—

“Romance and novel, and a nameless race,  
As oft devoid of grammar as of grace.”

How falsely must they estimate knowledge, who suppose that any real information, or the possession of any valuable virtue, can be derived from the perusal of these empty nothings of the hour, these ephemeral insects of the literary world, that buzz for a moment and then are heard no more.—How can rational beings expect to be instructed by the weak productions of want;—the offspring of needy authors, starving upon the scanty allowance of some mercenary bookseller, who wants penetration to discover beauties where they exist, or to see faults which would instantaneously glare upon the eye of discernment?

*(To be continued.)*

THE

# THE DRAMA.

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

### COVENT GARDEN.

FOR the benefit of the General Lying-in-Hospital at Baywater; on Wednesday, JUNE 21, was performed the comic opera of the *DUENNA*; with the *ballets* of *Little Peggy's Love*, and *Cupid and Psyche*. Mr. Kelly and Signora Storace, with several other performers of celebrity, assisted by the whole *corps de ballet* from the Opera House, personated the characters in this evening's entertainment: and a crowded audience, whose generous contributions amounted to the sum of four hundred and one pounds, departed highly satisfied with their exertions.

### HAYMARKET.

JUNE 20.

This evening presented us with Mr. Munden's first performance of *Tony Lumpkin*, in Goldsmith's comedy of *SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER*. Expectation was raised; nor was it raised to suffer the pain of disappointment: Mr. Munden proved himself fully adequate to the task he had undertaken: his broad humour, joined to a just discrimination of character, gave new interest to the part; and, upon the whole, we do not recollect seeing the rustic feats of *Tony* displayed with better effect.—21. *Inkle and Yarico*—Two Strings to your Bow.—22. *Mock Doctor*—Peeping Tom—Agreeable Surprise.—23. *Surrender of Calais*—Prisoner at Large.—24. *Bold Stroke for a Wife*

*Wife*—Two Strings to your Bow.—26. *Purse*—Spanish Barber—(*first time*) The Irish Legacy, a musical farce, from the pen of young Arnold; assisted by the powerful exertions of his father's professional abilities. Managerial justice was fully displayed in bringing forward this piece; it was strongly cast, and the performers did their utmost to soften the verdict of the critical jury, which was impannelled upon the occasion. Their efforts proved ineffectual: the culprit was cast, and the sentence of rejection reverberated through the house. The "Irish Legacy," is a halter, left to a prodigal son, who, in applying it to the purpose intended, discovered a concealed treasure. On this incident the fable turns. Some of the first scenes promised much, but the author, adhering to the new philosophy, did not fulfil them; in consequence of which the piece has not been repeated.—27. *Mock Doctor*—London Hermit—Agreeable Surprise.—28. *Surrender of Calais*—Dead Alive.—29. *Inkle and Yarico*—Honest Thieves.—30. *Battle of Hexham*—Irishman in London.—JULY 1. *Peeping Tom*—Honest Thieves—Agreeable Surprise.—3. *Recruiting Officer*—Lock and Key.—4. *Half an Hour after Supper*—Spanish Barber—Bannian Day.—5. *Surrender of Calais*—Quarter of an Hour before Dinner—Purse.—6. *Half an Hour after Supper*—Chapter of Accidents—Rival Soldiers. Mrs. Updell, the eldest daughter of the senior Palmer, came forward this evening in the character of Cecilia. From a daughter of so celebrated a performer, much was expected. If the public had resorted to the talents of another branch of the family, their hopes might not have been so sanguine; in this instance, however, we are happy to say they were not disappointed. The person of Mrs. Updell is elegantly interesting; her voice is excellent, and her manner such, as induces us to believe that she will be a valuable acquisition.—7. *Quarter of an Hour before Dinner*—Battle of Hexham—Honest Thieves.—8.

Zorinski

*Zorinski—Lock and Key.—10. Love makes a Man—Peeping Tom.—11. Battle of Hexham—Irishman in London.—12. Chapter of Accidents—Agreeable Surprise.—13. Crofs Purposes—London Hermit—Lock and Key.—14. Quarter of an Hour before Dinner—Surrender of Calais—Purse.—15. (First time) The Heir at Law—Rosina.*

### HEIR AT LAW.

Avowedly from the pen of G. Colman, and therefore expectation had been somewhat raised. Expectation was not disappointed in the "Heir at Law:" he possessed, like his predecessors, originality—was full of business and effect; and is endowed with all the sprightliness and ease in dialogue, all the refinement in language which erudition and polished manners, united with a just knowledge of human nature, could give.

### THE FABLE.

The son and heir of Baron Duberly (deceased) having perished by shipwreck on the coast of Cape Breton, the title and estates devolve to plain Daniel Dowlas, formerly a chandler in Gosport. His wife, as vulgar as himself, is constantly reproaching him for alluding to his shop, and not endeavouring to assume the habits suitable to his rank. In order to improve himself, he employs Dr. Pangloss, a needy pedant, to mend his diction. It appears that the late Lord Duberly had sent his son, Henry Moreland, to Quebec, in a military station, and that he died under a belief that his son was drowned, as the vessel was lost in its passage to this country. Old Dowlas, though very distantly related to Lord Duberly was the next heir, if that nobleman had died without issue. Having kept up no connection with the Duberly family, Daniel Dowlas was discovered by a public advertisement, inserted by  
an

an attorney, from motives of malice towards the Duberly family. Soon after this chandler is invested with his title, it appears, that Henry Moreland had been saved, when near expiring after the wreck, by Mr. Steadfast, a fellow passenger, and they both arrived safely in this country. Henry Moreland does not know of the death of his father, and hearing of Lord Duberly, he naturally supposes that the elevated chandler is that father. Fearful, however, of agitating an affectionate parent, who supposed him dead, by the sudden surprise of an unexpected return, he begs his friend, Mr. Steadfast, will wait upon his father, and reveal the agreeable event. Henry Moreland first pronounces an high eulogium on the talents, knowledge, and dignified character of his father, and prepares his friend Steadfast for certain marks of aristocratic importance, and perhaps too flourishing a parade of language, the result of parliamentary speaking. Steadfast readily undertakes the office, and much diversion arises from his disappointment in finding old Dowlas so different from what he expected, according to Henry Moreland's account of his father. The interview produces no explanation, for Steadfast concludes that he had been misled by filial regard, and old Dowlas supposes, when Steadfast informs him that his son was safe, that he meant Dick Dowlas, his own offspring, whom he had articed to an attorney in Derbyshire, and whom he sent for to town, that he might participate in the new-obtained honours of the family. Before Henry Moreland quitted England, he had formed an attachment to Caroline Dormer, the daughter of a respectable merchant, who dies, however, in embarrassed circumstances. Dick Dowlas, who has arrived in town, at his father's desire, is accompanied on his journey by a country friend, named Ezekiel Homespun, and his sister, Cicely Homespun, to whom Dick Dowlas is attached, and intends to marry, before he hears of the prosperous turn in the affairs of his father.—The sudden elevation intoxicates him,

him, and after some struggles between his old honest feelings, and the new-born pride of rank, he proposes to Ezekiel to take his sister into keeping. The honest rustic feels the utmost indignation, and renounces all connection with Dick Dowlas. The latter, however, is in reality a good lad, and sensible of his misconduct, and of the merit of Cicely, he waits on her, avows his penitence, and offers her his hand. Caroline Dormer, before she knew of the loss of her money at the banker's, and while she expected protection from the friend of her father, had advertised for a maid-servant, and had taken Cicely into her service. Ezekiel Home-spun having found a lottery ticket, purchased by his late father, applies to know the event, and has the good fortune to get a prize of twenty thousand pounds. As Miss Dormer had behaved with great kindness to his sister, he lays his bank notes upon the table, and bids her take all she likes.—At this time, however, Kendrick, her old faithful Irish servant, meets Henry Moreland in the street, and leads him to Caroline, whose happiness in finding a lover she supposed dead is exquisite. At length old Daniel Dowlas finds that he has possessed a title and estate to which he has no right, and he quietly resigns it to *The Heir at Law*, who promises him a liberal provision. The real Lord Duberly marries Miss Dormer, Dick Dowlas is united to Cicely, and all the parties are finally happy, except poor Dr. Pangloss, who having been promised an annuity of three hundred pounds a year by the pretended Lord Duberly, his lady, and their son, if he pursues the mode of education which each recommends, is, by their degradation to their original state, reduced from his supposed *nine hundred a year* to the hopeless prospect of living *by his wits*.

In the progress of this play, the author has worked up the interest to a high pitch; in doing this, however, he has been "cruel only to be kind," and has relieved the feelings by a natural progression of amusing incidents,

dents, which excite a fair laugh, without once having recourse to the modern trickeries which have disgraced our stage, to the prejudice of genius and common sense.

The character of Doctor Pangloss is new to the stage.—Though the *name* may be found in Voltaire's *Candide*, the two characters bear no resemblance.—The eccentricities of Pangloss create much merriment; and his title-page Learning, is a good satire on some of our copious dealers in quotation.—Fawcett appeared to understand his part.—The *slip-slop* of Lord Duberly is given in a finished style of *genteel vulgarity* by Suett.—Palmer's Dick Dowlas has some excellent acting in it; and Johnstone's Old Irishman is altogether as admirable as novel.—But the character of Ezekiel Homespun, managed by Munden in a style of very superior acting indeed, would be alone sufficient to mark him as an actor of nice discrimination and great ability.

Mrs. Gibbs did every justice to the simplicity and sweetness thrown into the character of Cicely; and Miss De Camp delivered some beautiful language and "polished periods," put into the mouth of Caroline Dormer, with "good air and emphasis."

The Prologue was written by Colonel North, and was not unworthy of his talents; the Epilogue by Mr. Colman, was spoken by all the characters, and has much pleasantry and point, as well as novelty to recommend it.

The play was received with the warmest applause, and was announced for Monday with the zealous approbation of the audience.

17. *Heir at Law*—Purse—Cross Purposes.—18. *Ditto*—Honest Thieves.—19. *Ditto*—Deaf Lover.

## RICHMOND THEATRE.

JULY 21.

Curiosity carried us down, in common with the multitude, to witness the re-appearance of Mrs. Coufens, or Cousins, in the interesting character of Julia, in the *Surrender of Calais*. The lady is understood to be no mercenary; but not on that account exempt from our strictures.

This theatre was noted, at no very remote period, for having given an *entrée* to some good performers; and the number of essays on its boards exceed, perhaps, that of most others. This arises from its vicinity to town, the general character of the managers\*, and their connection with Drury Lane and Covent Garden; all tending to promote the *debut* of that diffidence which shrinks from the keener criticism of the metropolis.

Mrs. C. is not to be reckoned among the least favoured of those essayists. Her figure, of enchanting symmetry, is aided by an harmonious voice, and a mien at once easy and graceful. With tones which are pleasing, to say no more, she will never excel as a singer; but in genteel comedy she may, by studying good examples, rival the most successful among the recent female favourites of the stage.

\* The *corps dramatique*, collected by Haymes, this season at Richmond, is the best that town has seen since the time of Captain Wathen.

---

Bannister, during his stay at Birmingham (a fortnight) cleared upwards of three hundred pounds.

Murray is at this place for the summer.

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS ON THE  
PRESENT STATE OF THE OPERA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

SIR,

**I**GNORANT whether you may have noticed the party broils and shameful mismanagement of the Italian Theatre; with your permission, through the medium of THE MONTHLY VISITOR, I will offer a few observations on those glaring insults which so loudly call for reprehension.

The English do not mind paying for their amusements—they are generous, and their generosity ought not to be abused. It is a notorious fact, sir, that the profits arising from the benefits were previously compromised with the manager, for the sum of six hundred pounds! This infamous fraud upon the public extended even to Banti, and all the principal performers; as a just consequence of which, most of their patrons withheld their support, and their benefits were, generally, unproductive.

Fresh grievances start up every day. The children who personate the flying and dancing cupids, have never received a shilling for their deservedly applauded exertions; and a news-paper of the date of my letter, informs us, that "The musical band have mutinied, some say about an increase of wages; others, about the discharge of arrears. It is said, that their pay for fifteen nights is due to them. On Saturday night all the orchestra, with the exception of two, signed a written paper, declaring their determination to disobey on Tuesday, unless their *fiddle-strings* were properly *resined*; and as this was not done, the house was not opened. Hand-bills were issued, assigning the indisposition of Madame Banti, as the cause of postponing the performance."

Now

Now, fir, permit me to ask, whether, supposing it to be true, this was a sufficient excuse to an insulted public? When Mrs. Siddons has been indisposed, we have had—not *hand* bills, but posting bills announcing the same, with Mrs. Powell's intention of coming forward in her character. This was a respectful compensation. Surely the company cannot be so contemptible, as not to produce for *one* night, a *tolerable* substitute for Madame Banti! Are there no stock-pieces in which this lady is not concerned? or does she possess something so supernaturally fascinating, that nobody will enter the house, unless she deigns to display her talents?

If, however, the previous statement be true, what atonement can the proprietors make for so shameful a neglect? They will not, surely, plead poverty, and tell us, that the receipts of the theatre have been deficient. The contrary is known to be the fact.

In concluding, I cannot omit the following just remarks of a contemporary writer. "The whole concerns of this magnificent theatre, for want of system and regularity, are rapidly going to destruction. The subordinate performers expostulate with the treasurer, than whom there is not a more able or worthy man, but he is debarred the means;—the cash is laid hold of by higher powers, and that which should satisfy the cravings of nature, and the wants of the necessitous, is, perhaps, appropriated to *bribery* and *corruption*, for the purpose of obtaining a seat in parliament, and that end being at length accomplished, *bills*, *bonds*, and *ejectments* become waste paper!"

Yours, &c.

July 15th, 1797.

T. H.

\*\*\* We are happy to announce the accommodation of these differences.

LITERARY

## LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL REGISTER.

PARIS, June 21.—Council of Elders. Dupont, in the name of Dr. Schoult, presented a Chinese manuscript, written on the bark of the palm-tree. This work, containing the political rights of the Chinese, was composed only of one hundred and forty-five lines; “a proof,” said Dupont, “that they are much more concise in China than in France.”

Dr. Warren, who died a few days ago, was worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and upwards, and he made eight thousand pounds a year, every year since the regency. The following, we understand, are the principal among the bequests of his will.—To his widow, during her life, his houses in Dover Street and Hertfordshire, with all their fixtures and furniture, with his landed-estate of three thousand pounds a year: to his two daughters, ten thousand pounds each; to his eldest son, ten thousand pounds, payable immediately, with the reversion of the houses and estate after his mother's death, and to each of his other seven sons, six thousand pounds; assigning as a reason for leaving them no more, that he had given each of them a profession, and advanced them, in his life-time, as far in their respective professions as he could. His widow is his residuary legatee.

Seven old *Scottish ballads*, of the date of 1570, usually sold at a halfpenny each, were lately disposed of by Mr. King to the Duke of R——, for six guineas.

The Highland Society of Edinburgh, at a meeting held July the 3d, came to the resolution of recommending it to the committee of directors, to take such measures as to them shall seem most proper and effectual for elucidating and ascertaining the history and authenticity of the poems of Ossian, and to report their progress to the next general meeting.

\* \* \* *The Life of Macklin in our next.*

---

## Literary Review.

---

ART. I. *The Count De Santerre: A Romance.* 2 vols.  
7s. sewed. Crutwell, Bath; Dilly, London. 1797.

THESE volumes, as the title informs us, are written by a Lady. We feel every respect for the fair sex; but this respect must not slide into weakness, at least in our present situation.

The Count de Lusignan, for reasons which we have not yet discovered, is the slave of Santerre; and adopts, at his command, the orphan Elinor. Santerre, who alone was acquainted with the origin of Elinor, conceives a passion for that beautiful girl, at a time when Henry, a supposed adoption of Santerre's, had gained her inseparable affections. The miseries which now crowd on Elinor, often renew in her mind the tenderest recollections of Olivia—the friend of her monastic days—now rendered doubly dear by the discovery of some writings, in an unfrequented part of the castle of Loncilles. Elinor is forced away from Loncilles, by the orders of Santerre, who proposes, as she would not consent to be his wife, to perpetrate her death. His reflections prevent the deed, till she is freed from her confinement by Emma, the daughter of Santerre, through the generosity of St. Laure; who, at the moment when Santerre, the better to complete his design, was removing Elinor to a distant habitation, stabs that infernal wretch, and escapes with his unhappy captive. He returns her to Loncilles: and, to cover his real intentions, which centred in the happiness of his friend Henry, makes, to Lusignan, an offer of marrying Eli-

VOL. II.

G

nor.

nor. Her misinterpretation of this project is the source of much after misery. She flies to the convent of her Olivia; and that Olivia is no more!—But she meets with Emma, who had eloped thither, to avoid the indignation of Santerre, who regarded her as privy to the schemes of his enemy. Santerre discovers their abode, and regains them: but in vain. His late wound was far from healed; and his indignation at the sight of his daughter caused it to open anew. Finding himself near death, he confesses his crimes—the murder of Clara, his own wife, the mother of Henry: the intended assassination of Riviera, the father of Elinor, present on this occasion, and consequent sequestration of their effects: he makes the atonement of retribution—and dies.

There are other intervening incidents, which it would be tedious and useless to describe.

Since the appearance of Mrs. RADCLIFFE, ghosts and descriptions, descriptions and ghosts, have alarmed and astonished the simple of mankind. These, mixed up with the pathos of the sentimental, which prevailed about the same time in our theatres and our novels, are the ingredients of fashionable romance. One would think, to read the continual descriptions before us, that they were written by enchanting Christie, for the lovers of Pall-Mall. As to the sublime, we are so absolutely spectrified, that we even dread to take a walk with the hero or heroines of a modern novel, lest their eminences should be attacked by a ghost. In the present work, there are horrors enough of all conscience: nor is the descriptive less amazing, as the reader will see.

After the seizure of Elinor, and her arrival at the castle of Santerre; after all the horror which such a Russian-scene ought naturally to inspire, we are told, that, as the Russians departed, “The blast that rushed through the opened door shook the shattered armour that hung on the walls,” (all this is very likely; but  
the

the armour has something else to do) "sounding, in Fancy's ear, like the fall of a warrior in the field of blood." A most comfortable climax! just cool enough to destroy the most affecting incident, and convince us, that all is *unnatural*. "Blast," and "blasting," are very unlady-like phrases. We have slept twice in "the moon-beam," or, "the moon-beam slept twice upon us: it might have slept on the cheek of this lady, for aught that we can see to the contrary.—"The glow of injured delicacy mantled on her late pale cheek in hectic" (i. e. habitual, or customary) "scarlet." We would fain save the reader the trouble of turning to his Dictionary.

Let not the author imagine that we are wantonly severe, or blinded to excellence. We have sought for a favourable quotation; we have not found one connected with the story; but, in justice to her talents, we transcribe the

#### NARRATIVE OF KATE.

"Lack-a-day, Ma'mfelle!" said Jeannette, "sure you have a strange fancy: looking at the moon! So mournful! I never see any body do so, but it puts me in mind of my poor cousin Catherine: and then I could cry, Ma'mfelle!"

"And why so, Jeannette?" interrogated Elinor; not sorry that the girl seemed inclined to prolong her stay. "Is your cousin, whom you speak of, dead?"

"Alas! aye, Ma'mfelle: she was crossed in love, and died, as one may say, quite out of her mind."

"How long since?" enquired Elinor.

"Ah, Ma'mfelle! not a very many years ago. It is not quite five since she took on bad: but long before that she was far from well. Not right in her head, I think. She used to love mightily to stray about the woods and fields by herself, when the moon shone bright; and she would look up at it, and cry; and sigh so, Ma'mfelle, it would melt you.

"At last, she took a fancy that she would never leave the cottage, even for a minute, but sat in her own little room, and seemed quite stupid. Then, at night, instead of going to bed, she would open the casement, and, if the moon was not

to be seen, she would gaze at the stars, and talk the strangest things, that sometimes we did not understand; for she spoke Spanish oftener than French. Indeed, I may say, Spain was her country; for she went to live there when very young, and did not return till about six years ago; and she was then an elderly woman.

"But as I was saying, Ma'mselle, she used to behave so oddly, that her parents began to fear she might do herself a mischief; and so sent for me to stay with her, and see that she came to no harm. Well, Ma'mselle, my poor mother (she was alive then: God rest her soul) had no liking to let me go; as I was so young, and very fearful besides; and seeing Catherine was mad, or as good. But since my uncle would have me, I went; and used to lie with poor Catherine: for when I was there, she used to go to bed, but never, as I think, sleep. For let me wake when I would, I was sure to find her awake too, talking to herself, or lamenting. And several times I caught her walking about the room; and once kneeling on the floor, looking up to heaven. I cried out, to be sure, to see her, and she then started up, and said in a hollow voice (like one speaking out of the grave, I thought, Ma'mselle) "Enough! enough! When shall I have peace? When shall my punishment end? When shall I escape from such horrors?"

"With that, Ma'mselle, she scream'd so shrill, that it rung in my ears; and always will, I believe: for such an outcry as she made the rest of the night, I never heard. After this my uncle was minded to send her to a convent, where she might have the prayers of the good sisters for her senses. But in less than a week she came back again, for the nuns would not take charge of her. She then took to her old ways; and one night, I remember, I missed her from my side, and jumping up, there was poor Catherine in a fit on the floor.

"We brought her to life, Ma'mselle; but she never spoke more, and died in three days raving mad."

We have briefly, and, except the marriage of Henry with Elinor, we believe accurately delineated the plot: as that omission was a circumstance so naturally to be expected, we really forgot to mention it. We have offered something like remarks on the nature and style  
of

of this performance ; and we have accompanied those remarks with a specimen, which induces us to encrease our observations.

Affuredly, it is matter of regret, that writers of merit should lose that merit in imitation. In compliance with a taste which all the critics in the world can neither check or reform, this lady, with powers evidently fitted for more simple, and, we will add, more lasting composition, has adopted the marvellous and the dreadful. If a Radcliffe were no more, her successors would yet suffer by comparison : while she lives, there is little hope for the mimic or the copyist. Not that we are unacquainted with the " Monk " of Lewis, or that we think it impossible to admit a Triumvirate in the regions of the Sublime and Terrible ; not that we would deter the most daring of men from pursuing this romantic path. Nor is it of importance that we should. As long as there are children to be frightened, there will always be something to frighten them.

---

ART. II. *Elegiac Sonnets, and other Poems, By Charlotte Smith.* Vol. II. pp. 117. fine paper—a Likeness of the Author, and 4 descriptive Plates, 6s. boards. Cadell and Davies.

THIS long-expected volume, and the causes which protracted expectation, are at last presented to the public. A severity of affliction, which seems inseparable from this unfortunate—this amiable woman, is the apology which she here presents. " Would to God," says Mrs. Smith, " I could dismiss these oppressors from my mind for ever, as I now do from the notice of my future readers, whom I may engage to any work of mine, (though very probably " I may now take my last leave of the public.)"—We hope, that there is not *even* a probability of losing this elegant writer ; and that the parenthesis in which *it*

was included, was an indication that we might have passed over it. Without any previous comment, we shall submit the ensuing extracts.

On being cautioned against walking on an headland overlooking the sea, because it was frequented by a lunatic:

“ Is there a solitary wretch who hies  
To the tall cliff, with starting pace or flow,  
And, measuring, views with wild and hollow eyes  
Its distance from the waves that chide below;  
Who, as the sea-born gale with frequent sighs  
Chills his cold bed upon the mountain turf,  
With hoarse, half-utter’d lamentation, lies  
Murmuring responses to the dashing surf?  
In moody sadness, on the giddy brink,  
I see him more with envy than with fear;  
He has no *nice felicities* that shrink  
From giant horrors, wildly wandering here;  
He seems (uncursed with reason) not to know  
The depth or the duration of his woe.”

---

#### TO A YOUNG MAN ENTERING THE WORLD.

“ Go, now, ingenuous youth!—The trying hour  
Is come: the world demands that thou shouldst go  
To active life: there titles, wealth, and power,  
May all be purchas’d—yet I joy to know  
Thou wilt not pay their price. The base controul  
Of petty despots in their pedant reign  
Already hast thou felt;—and high disdain  
Of tyrants is imprinted on thy soul—  
Not, where mistaken glory, in the field  
Rears her red-banner, be thou ever found;  
But, against proud oppression raise the shield  
Of patriot daring—so shalt thou renown’d  
For the best virtues *live*; or that denied,  
May’st die, as Hampden or as Sydney died!”

## SNOWDROPS.

" Wan heralds of the fun and summer gale!  
That seem just fallen from infant zephyrs' wing;  
Not now, as once, with heart reviv'd I hail  
Your modest buds, that for the brow of spring  
Form the first simple garland—Now no more  
Escaping for a moment all my cares,  
Shall I, with pensive, silent, step explore  
The woods yet leafless; where to chilling airs  
Your green and pencil'd blossoms, trembling, wave.  
Ah, ye soft, transient, children of the ground,  
More fair was she on whose untimely grave  
Flow my unceasing tears! Their varied round  
The seasons go; while I through all repine:  
For fixt regret, and hopeless grief, are mine."

## TO THE INVISIBLE MOON\*.

" Dark and conceal'd art thou, soft evening's queen,  
And melancholy's votaries that delight  
To watch thee, gliding through the blue serene,  
Now vainly seek thee on the brow of night—  
Mild sorrow, such as hope has not forsook,  
May love to muse beneath thy silent reign;  
But I prefer from some steep rock to look  
On the obscure and fluctuating main,  
What time the martial star with lurid glare,  
Portentous, gleams above the troubled deep;  
Or the red comet shakes his blazing hair;  
Or, on the fire-ting'd waves the lightnings leap;  
While thy fair beams illumine another sky,  
And shine for beings less accurst than I."

\* I know not whether this is correctly expressed—I suspect that it is not.—What I mean, however, will surely be understood.—I address the moon when not visible at night in our hemisphere.

## TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

" Mute is thy wild harp, now, O bard sublime!  
 Who amid Scotia's mountain solitude,  
 Great nature taught to " build the lofty rhyme,"  
     And even beneath the daily pressure, rude,  
     Of labouring poverty, thy generous blood,  
     Fired with the love of freedom—Not subdued  
 Wert thou by thy low fortune: but a time  
 Like this we live in, when the abject chime  
 Of echoing parasite is best approv'd,  
     Was not for thee.—Indignantly is fled  
 Thy noble spirit; and no longer moved  
     By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,  
     Associate, worthy of the illustrious dead,  
 Enjoys with them " the liberty it loved."

An instance of the sublime we shall take from a descriptive ode, first published in Marchmont.

UNDER THE RUINS OF RUFUS'S CASTLE, ISLE  
OF PORTLAND.

Chaotic pile of barren stone,  
 That nature's hurrying hand has thrown,  
     Half finish'd, from the troubled waves;  
 On whose rude brow the rifted tower  
 Has frown'd, through many a stormy hour,  
     On this drear site of tempest-beaten graves.  
 Sure desolation loves to shroud  
 His giant form within the cloud  
     That hovers round thy rugged head;  
 And as through broken vaults beneath,  
 The future storms low-muttering breathe,  
     Hears the complaining voices of the dead.  
 Here marks the fiend with eager eyes,  
 Far out at sea the fogs arise  
     That dimly shade the beacon'd strand,  
 And listens the portentous roar  
 Of sullen waves, as on the shore,  
     Monotonous, they burst, and tell the storm at hand.

Hence

Hence the dire spirit oft surveys  
 The ship, that to the western bays  
     With favouring gales pursues its course;  
 Then calls the vapour dark that blinds  
 The pilot—calls the felon winds  
     That heave the billows with resistless force.  
 Commixing with the blotted skies,  
 High and more high the wild waves rise,  
     Till, as impetuous torrents urge,  
 Driven on yon fatal bank accurst,  
 The vessel's massy timbers burst,  
     And the crew sinks beneath the infuriate surge."

We have read the *Alonzo* of Lewis, and the *Mary* of Southey, and this *Forest Boy* will not lose by comparison :

#### THE FOREST BOY.

" Among all the lads of the plough or the fold,  
     Best esteem'd by the sober and good,  
 Was Will of the woodlands; and often the old  
     Would tell of his frolics, for active and bold  
     Was William, the boy of the wood.

Yet gentle was he, as the breath of the May,  
     And when sick and declining was laid  
 The Woodman his father, young William away  
     Would go to the forest to labour all day,  
     And perform his hard task in his stead.

And when his poor father, the forester, died,  
     And his mother was sad, and alone,  
 He toil'd from the dawn, and at evening he hied,  
 In storm or in snow, or whate'er might betide,  
     To supply all her wants from the town.

One neighbour they had on the heath, to the west,  
     And no other the cottage was near,  
 But she would send Phœbe, the child she lov'd best,  
 To stay with the widow, thus sad and distress'd,  
     Her hours of dejection to cheer.

As

As the buds of wild roses, the cheeks of the maid  
 Were just tinted with youth's lovely hue,  
 Her form like the aspen, wild graces display'd,  
 And the eyes, over which her luxuriant locks stray'd,  
 As the skies of the summer were blue !

At the town was a market—and now for supplies,  
 Such as needed her humble abode,  
 Young William went forth ; and his mother with sighs  
 Watch'd long at the window, with tears in her eyes,  
 Till he turn'd through the fields, to the road.

Then darkness came on ; and she heard with affright  
 The wind every moment more high ;  
 She look'd from the door ; not a star lent its light,  
 But the tempest redoubled the gloom of the night,  
 And the rain pour'd in sheets from the sky.

The clock in her cottage now mournfully told  
 The hours, that went heavily on ;  
 'Twas midnight ; her spirits sunk hopeless and cold,  
 And it seem'd as each blast of wind fearfully told,  
 That long, long, would her William be gone.

Then heart-sick and cold, to her sad bed she crept,  
 Yet first made up the fire in the room  
 To guide his dark steps ; but she listen'd and wept,  
 Or if for a moment, forgetful she slept,  
 Soon she started !—and thought he was come.

'Twas morn ; and the wind with a hoarse fullen moan,  
 Now seem'd dying away in the wood,  
 When the poor wretched mother still drooping, alone,  
 Beheld on the threshold a figure unknown,  
 In gorgeous apparel who stood.

" Your son is a soldier," abruptly cried he,  
 " And a place in our corps has obtain'd ;  
 " Nay, be not cast down ; you perhaps may soon see  
 " Your William a captain ! he now sends by me  
 " The purse he already has gain'd."

So William entrapp'd, 'twixt persuasion and force,  
 Is embark'd for the isles of the West ;  
 But he seem'd to begin with ill omens his course,  
 And felt recollection, regret, and remorse,  
 Continually weigh on his breast.

With useless repentance he eagerly eyed  
 The coast as it faded from view,  
 And saw the green hills, on whose nothernmost side  
 Was his own sylvan home : and he falter'd and cried,  
 " Adieu ! ah ! for ever adieu !

" Who, now, my poor mother, thy life shall sustain,  
 " Since thy son has thus left thee forlorn ?  
 " Ah ! can'st thou forgive me ? And not in the pain  
 " Of this cruel desertion, of William complain,  
 " And lament that he ever was born ?

" Sweet Phœbe !—if ever thy lover was dear,  
 " Now forsake not the cottage of woe ;  
 " But comfort my mother, and quiet her fear,  
 " And help her to dry up the vain fruitless tear,  
 " That too long for my absence will flow.

" Yet what if my Phœbe another should wed,  
 " And lament her lost William no more ?"  
 The thought was too cruel ; and anguish now sped  
 The dart of disease—with the brave numerous dead  
 He has fallen on the plague-tainted shore.

In the lone village church-yard, the chancel-wall near,  
 High grafs now waves over the spot,  
 Where the mother of William, unable to bear  
 His loss, who to her widow'd heart was so dear,  
 Has both him and her sorrows forgot !

By the brook, where it winds through the wood of Ardeal ;  
 Or amid the deep forest, to moan,  
 The poor wandering Phœbe will silently steal ;  
 The pain of her bosom no reason can heal,  
 And she loves to indulge it alone.

Her senses are injured ; her eyes dim with tears ;  
 She sits by the river and weaves  
 Reed garlands, against her dear William appears,  
 Then breathlessly listens, and fancies she hears,  
 His step in the half-wither'd leaves.

Ah !

Ah ! such are the miseries to which ye give birth ;  
 Ye statesmen ! ne'er dreading a fear ;  
 Who from pictured saloon, or the bright sculptur'd hearth,  
 Disperse desolation and death through the earth,  
 When ye let loose the demons of war."

Surely the sentiments of Mrs. Smith can never have so offended her former subscribers, as to withhold their support from this volume ; and we are certain, that the declension of her poetical talents affords no ground for the denial. The same plaintiveness of soul, the same exquisite modulation, chasteness, and beauty, which endeared her former poems, every where present themselves on the present occasion. If Mrs. Smith, in any respect, may be said to have deviated from her general spirit and excellence, it is in that polished solicitude which is too apt to exchange the simple for the correct. Such words as—*fragile, lithe, troubl'd*, &c. words which did not embellish her first productions, now and then occur in the pages before us. But she is, when compared with some of her most eminent contemporaries, rather faultless than faultily. The reader will not take our unsupported assertions. He has ample materials for the exercise of judgment. And need we point out, to the intelligent mind, the several beauties we have selected—their properties, and effects ? By those effects will he distinguish their properties.

On the calamities of Mrs. Smith, we wish not to intrude our remarks—

———— " Time, since we saw her last,  
 And heavy hours with time's deforming hand,  
 Have written strange defeatures in her face."

But shall that muse, whose rays have enlivened her darkest hours—who has accompanied her under every bereavement—and who will hold her in unfading remembrance, when each memorial of living friendship shall have been swept from the records of time,—be abandoned by one whom she has loved so well ?

ART.

ART. III. *Azemias, &c. &c. &c.* By *Jacquetta Agneta Mariana Jenks, &c. &c. &c. &c.* To which are added, *Criticisms Anticipated.* 2 vols. 7s. sewed. Low. 1797.

“CRITICISMS Anticipated,” as they refer only to established reviews, claim not here a moment’s attention ; and as the amusive Miss Jenks appears to us in the manner of a gentleman, false delicacy shall not silence our thoughts.

*Set a thief to catch a thief*, is a proverb of ancient date, and it has been also admitted, *that ridicule is the test of truth*. These maxims will justify the author of “*Azemias*,” in this attack on his novelizing cotemporaries. Individual failings become objects of hostility, when set forth to public admiration ; and the vanity of scribbling is of this stamp. Lady Belinda, Miss Grifelda Ironside, and the Rev. Solomon Sheeppen, are taken from—and applicable to life : while Mrs. Quackly, Mrs. Albuzzi, Blow-up, and Jerrygum, are gentlefolks of perfect notoriety. But a novel, intended as is that of “*Azemias*,” should hand down the names of those whom it ridicules, when such names are otherwise forgotten. To preserve these personages, it is not sufficient to paint them as they are—to give them tamely and unheightened. Absurdity, we know, is always absurd ; but it does not follow, that what has been laughed at, when *seriously* written, will excite the same risibility, when presented as the mark of *ridicule*, unenforced by the hand of irony. If the tale of *Blue-Beard* were meant as a jeer on Mrs. Radcliffe, for we cannot think it *an imitation* of that lady, its business will disappoint its meaning.—It has all the marks of intentional seriousness, and more of propriety than two-thirds of our ghostly compilations. In a day when the *Scriptures* were more respected, we should not have apologized for introducing them to the reader ; but he

VOL. II.

H

will,

will, at present, take that apology in our predilection for supernatural appearances. Probably the majority of novel-readers are unacquainted with a description, whose beauties, in an hour less favourable to spectres, would never have recommended it to their attention. *Job*, chap. iv. 13 to 17. "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men—fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up:—It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image *was* before mine eyes, there *was* silence, and I heard a voice, saying—Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?" Perhaps the first spectres of our time, have emanated from this chapter of *Job*, though their authors have not deigned to acknowledge it. Truly, it would be easy to prove, that the chief beauties of English literature are derived from the pages of *Revelation*; and, that they are only beautiful to the eye of fashion, because fashion is ignorant of their derivation.

To return to "Azemia." The poetry of these volumes is more delicate and pointed than the prose. The innumerable swarm of poetasters, who astonish the ignorant, and disgust the sensible; whose productions are blacker than the presses from which they issue, and more insufferable, because more laboured than common nonsense; these cannot experience an unmerited severity. There is not a whip that they do not deserve; and the *nine-tails* of satire should belay their insensible hides.

Here we would pause, not too blinded with disgust, and contemplate the improvements around us. Yes, we have been severe, too severe—indeed we have. We live in refined days; and surely, when the heroes and heroines of all our most celebrated novels, which are professedly taken from life, can read and write poetry, we have a right to look back, with disdain, on the comparative

parative stupidity of our ancestors! For, if we have not yet reached it, we are—we must be within sight of a golden-age!

A whisper with “Azemia,” or the parent of “Azemia,” which is much the same thing, and we have done.

*Miss JACQUETTA AGNETA MARIANA JENKS.*—If your ladyship be of “Bellegrove,” or any other grove whatever, as it is a situation most favourable to study, although we must opine that your ladyship doth not excel in the facetious; we do certainly think, that your ladyship might, in an hour of retirement and reflection, present us with a work that would please the public: after which, it must not fail to please us.

---

ART. IV. AN ODE TO THE LIVERY OF LONDON, on their Petition to his Majesty for kicking out his worthy Ministers. Also an Ode to Sir Joseph Banks, on the Report of his Elevation to the important Dignity of a Privy Counsellor. To which is added a *Jeremi—ad*, to George Rose, Esq. By Peter Pindar, Esq. pp. 44. 2s. 6d. Walker. 1797.

NO calamity can begloom Peter, and no event escape him. He is, however, not a little astonished at the impudence of his countrymen, for, says Peter,

“There’s not an Englishman, I do suppose,  
That would not from his office kick *poor Rose*,  
And on his *honest earnings* lay his pats;  
*Eke* on DUNDAS’S, JENKINSON’S *poor souls*!  
And *eke* from *humble RICHMOND* tear his coals,  
A king’s black present to his blacker brats.”

He remonstrates severely on this ungracious *Livery*, by reminding them of the *golden days* of their ancestors under “Good queen *Bess*.”——

- " Think of the horse-whipping *she* gave  
 Th' AMBASSADOR—a saucy knave!  
 In Latin, too, to make the fellow wonder—  
 The man was frighten'd at her voice,  
 And could (he) not then have had his choice,  
 He rather would have fac'd a clap of thunder.  
 Of lords she often lugg'd the ear;  
 And often would her HIGHNESS swear  
 On BISHOPS, *sacred* men! enough to shock ye,  
 " Do this!" her MAJESTY would say—  
 " Do that!—God's blood! I'll have my way!  
 " Quick, quick; or, d—n me, parsons, I'll unfrock ye!"  
 What to her PARLIAMENT said she?  
 " Good gentlemen, I must agree  
 " That ye are proper judges of the *weather*,  
 " And judges, too, of the *highways*,  
 " *Hares, pheasants, partridges, and jays*;  
 " And eke, the art of tanning leather.  
 " But, as for *sovereigns* and dominion,  
 " 'Tis too *sublime* for your opinion."  
 Suppose the LIVERYMEN had boldly said  
 To this SEMIRAMIS of lofty rule,  
 " Your majesty must knock off CECIL's head,  
 " And hang up ESSEX for a beast or fool:  
 " We relish not these mens' administration;  
 " So, Ma'am, dismiss them, and oblige the nation:"—  
 What had the answer been  
 Of this great queen?  
 Why, to the APOTHECARIES she had roar'd—  
 " Ye knaves, who do more mischief than the *sword*!  
 " You vomits, glyster-pipes—the dev'l confound ye!  
 " What to such madness, raggamuffins, urges?  
 " Murderers! I'll make you swallow your own purges!  
 " In your own mortars, rascals, will I pound ye!  
 " You, BAKERS, I shall heat your ovens, slaves,  
 " And serve you like the three Jew boys, ye knaves,  
 " Shadrach, and Meshach, and Abednego:  
 " Browner than all your loaves, shall be your skins:  
 " Then let us see, if, for your saucy sins,  
 " Your God will deign to take you out or no.

You,

- " You, **POULTERER**, wag not thus your tongue so loose,  
 " For fear I pluck ye, as ye pluck the goose.  
 " And, **MASTER SKINNER**, calm your upstart pride—  
 " On Marfyas think, your flaming rage to cool,  
 " Who, restling with his betters, like a fool,  
 " Lost, in his struggle for the prize, his *hide* !  
 " *Leviathans* be catechis'd by *sfrats* !  
 " Mind, if one more complaint ye bring,  
 " By G—, ye dangle like a pack of rats,  
 " All in a string !”

Thus to those men the great **QUEEN BESS** had said,  
 Bridling and tossing in contempt her head ;  
 And thus the **QUEEN**, with equal fury blest,  
 Had smartly rapp'd the knuckles of the rest.

Then turning to her marv'ling lords, her **GRACE**,  
 Wiping the sweat that gemm'd her precious face,  
 Had said " God's-blood, my lords, a fine discourse !  
 " Those fellows talk to *me*—the small-beer dregs !  
 " *They* teach, forfooth, their grannum to *suck eggs* !  
 " They'll find the old gray mare the better horse.”

Who would imagine that Peter was unacquainted  
 with *history* ? yet must it be so, or how would he pre-  
 sume to ask—

Then why should *gentle George* of pow'r have less  
 Than that same furious **AMAZON QUEEN BESS** ?

Ah, me ! Peter—and hast thou not heeded the pro-  
 gress of *philosophy* ? and hast thou not heard that this is  
 the *age of reason* ?”

But, Peter thinks that this breach with the livery  
 will be most amicably ended : and he instanceth John  
 and Joan.

" It happ'd that **JOHN** and **JOAN** had not *two* beds  
 To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads ;  
*Ergo*, there was but *one*  
 To rest their gentle jaws upon.

"I'll have a *board* between us," cried the *man*—  
 "With all *my* spirit, JOHN," replied the *wife* :  
 A board was plac'd, according to their plan ;  
 Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay  
 Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—  
 Calm as a clock, too, let me say,  
 JOAN never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky PAIR,  
 Like two still mice, devoid of care,  
 In philosophic silence fought repose ;  
 On the fifth morn, it chanc'd to please  
 JOHN's nose to sneeze—

"God bless you, dear!" quoth JOAN at JOHN's loud nose.

At this JOHN gave a sudden start,  
 And, popping o'er the hedge his head—  
 "JOAN, did you say it from your *heart*?"

"Yes, JOHN, I *did*, indeed ! indeed !"

"You *did*?"—"Yes, JOHN, upon my word"—

"Zounds, *Joan*, then take away the *board*!"

Thus it will be with you and PITT agen ;  
 Love will beam forth, that ev'ry love surpasses ;  
 The GROCERS be *themselves*, sweet-temper'd men,  
 And fouse him in a hog'shead of molasses.

Thus will CONTENTION take away the *bone*,  
 And you and PITT kifs friends, like *John* and *Joan*."

Peter now pays his respects to *Sir Joseph*, an old acquaintance, on his recent elevation to the important dignity of a *privy counsellor* ; and aware of *his* insect-passion, he forebodeth a mighty event—

"Gods ! if amidst some grand debate,  
 All for the good of our great state,

A *moth* should flutter, would the man sit quiet ?  
 Forgetting state affairs, the KNIGHT  
 Would seize his hat with wild delight,

And, chacing, make the most infernal riot :  
 O'erturning benches, statesmen, ev'ry thing,  
 To make a pris'ner of the mealy wing !"

After

After this, at the instance of his bookseller—who told him “that the public would expect more for their half-crown,” our bard pays a visit to Mr. *Rose*, in the form of a JEREMI-AD. But we wish, for the fame of PETER, that his *bookseller* had attended rather to QUALITY, than *quantity*.

---

ART. V. *Moral Tales in Verse, founded on real Events.* By Thomas Hull, of the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden. 2 vols. 8s. boards. Cawthorn, Strand. 1797.

WITH very little trouble, the author of these tales might have made them as unexceptionable in manner, as they are with regard to moral. It is with regret, that we see productions which possess such genuine merit, so often deformed by faulty rhyme, inelegant elision, and careless versification. Some of the rhymes are rhymes only to the eye; and some not even that. In every page we meet with such as—*beheld, field—forsakes, relax—wrath, death—eye, hyc—extend, gain’d—base, betrays.*

Elision, we think, should as much as possible be avoided; always, it certainly cannot be: but such instances as the following, must surely disgust — “*’Twas, ’gainst, ’mongst; per’lous for perilous, ’vail for avail; ’midst ’twixt.*” The last poor, mutilated word, the author seems to have a particular attachment to; it occurs frequently: in one of the tales, in the space of three lines, it is twice made use of.—The versification is, in general, more correct; yet we meet with such lines as, “To the extent of hard-earn’d gains.”—

This is certainly verse, if we are to judge only by our fingers: but, to the ear of taste, we apprehend, it will nevertheless appear extremely inharmonious. We are convinced, that in the author now under consideration, these faults arise more from want of attention, than

than from want of ability. The few blemishes we have mentioned excepted, these tales may be read with pleasure, by every lover of virtue and nature. The author is in general dignified, when his subject demands it. He is never encumbered with those meretricious ornaments which are employed to hide the want of thought, and which disgust, even more than plain dulness can. Mr. Hull is particularly happy in the prologues to his tales: they are elegant and appropriate; as our readers will judge from the extract presented to them. It is the introduction to the "Advantages of Repentance," and is by no means superior to those remaining:

"O memory! in thy magic glass  
 What various scenes and objects pass!  
 Retentive maid! thine is the power  
 To brighten, or o'ercast the hour.  
 To me, sweet nymph, extend thine aid,  
 And, in thy brightest hues pourtray'd,  
 To give my sense supreme delight,  
 Restore AMANDIT to my sight!

Her polish'd mien, complexion fair, }  
 The glossy ringlets of her hair, }  
 Her easy gesture, lively air; }  
 Th' expressive brow, the azure eye,  
 With all its glancing witchery,  
 And nameless sweets, that seem'd to steep  
 In roseate dew her ruby lip!

Thanks, goddess, thanks; she greets my sight,  
 With all the fullness of delight;  
 And, through thy aid, while thus I trace  
 Each charm of that alluring face,  
 Her converse sweet again I hear,  
 Her judgment strong, conception clear;  
 Her turn for raillery and wit,  
 Impressive, elegant, and neat.

Such was she, when her partial praise  
 With smiles approv'd these early lays;

Now,

Now, tho' that flatt'ring praise be o'er,  
 Those cheering smiles exist no more,  
 Shall I a *second* sanction chuse  
 To shield a cold *forgetful* muse?  
 No—be the page as first design'd,  
 The tribute of a grateful mind,  
 To *her* and *Friendship* still consign'd.” }

The tale which these lines introduce, has been before published. It is written in blank verse, in which we do not think that Mr. Hull is happy. His blank verse is languid and monotonous: it seldom rises to any degree of strength, and very often sinks into measured prose. He appears to much more advantage in the garb of rhyme.

ART. VI. *The Life of Hubert: a narrative, descriptive, and didactic Poem. (In Continuation.) The Second and Third Books. By the late Rev. Thomas Cole, L. L. B. Vicar of Dulverton, in the County of Somerset, 8vo. pp. 60. 1s. 6d. Law. 1797.*

“YE, who can relish nature's genuine charms,  
 Will not disdain her vot'ry to attend.”

Here we could pause, well satisfied; but when we find that Mr. C. is that “vot'ry,” and that we are to list

“While he attempts still farther to display  
 Her humblest scenes in his descriptive song.”

We feel disposed to question the agreement. We have accompanied our author through the yet life of Hubert, even to the full end of the Third Book, and we feel nothing that should induce us to pursue the journey. An original he certainly is, but of an originality too common to attract attention. He does not incense us with artificial descriptions—he has seen whatever he describes: but he has seen so much, and he describes it so minutely, that his descriptions are tedious and trivial. His language, also, is too familiar.

In telling us of the sport which arises from the pursuit

purfuit of eels, when the pond is drained, we find that they are

“ Sure ne’er to ’scape purfuit, as flill in fight;  
Yet ne’er secur’d, without much toilfome fun.”

This, for aught to us known, might be very *funny* to Mr. Cole; but it is rather *too funny* for poetry. At p. 51, he has given us a very pretty account of his fchool-miftrefs’s houfe, had he not, amid the beauty of the fcene, deflowered his whole bouquet, by putting fome “ double bloody warriors in full bloom.” A little farther, as we are prefented with another nosegay, we only object, not to the “ lilies of the valley,” but to the manner in which they are compared to his fiftcr, or his fiftcr compared to them—

“ Her favourite flower, an emblem fitted well  
To represent her pure, fweet, modeft felf.”

Very pure, very fweet, and very modeft, had it not been for that little word—*felf*. It would appear trifling in us, to go on in this manner: we wifhed only to exemplify our objections. One word, on this count, and we have done. All that we can write or fay, will not keep poets from the ufe of *everlafting*. Nor is it fit that it fhould; though we could wifh them to ufe a different term when they are fpeaking of death. Death is but a *leep*; at leaft, a Divine might think fo; and, if he thought fo, he might juft as well fay fo. Mr. Cole, however, calls it a “ ftillnefs everlafting.” Sure we are that he meant well.

In examining the life of Hubert, we have only fpoken of his *poetical* character; wherein we have judged him to be defective. It is not thus with his moral and philofophical character. He is a man of confiderable experience. He is well acquainted with rural economy; and he difcuffes the queftion refpecting farms:

“ And though the fubject much difcuffion claim,  
From its high import, of the ableft head;  
Yet fpite of all perplexing doubts, we find  
One point moft clear; if ev’ry farm were fmall,

And

And ev'ry tenant poor, throughout the land,  
 A certain famine would most quickly spread.  
 Without fit means, with speculation join'd,  
 All trials, on a large, expenfive scale,  
 To mend the arts of husbandry, would cease."

We are sorry, when enumerating his childish tasks,

"Concluded still, with orders to repeat  
 The sanction'd abstract of our Christian faith;  
 By turns, all question'd, in slow solemn form,  
 Demurely grave, and motionless throughout."

That he did not remonstrate on the impolicy of such modes. To *make* children read, or learn, from "the Psalms," or any other part of the scripture, is, indeed, a "most disgustful task," and the root of their future infidelity. There are schools, at this day, where the Bible is seldom studied but as a *punishment*! What are such masters about? and what are the parents who countenance those masters?

That we may not be thought unjust to the memory of a good man, our remarks shall be taken with an extract.

The vicar and the father of Hubert have just dined—

"In smoke and musing silence long inwrapt,  
 A strong projected blast denotes at once  
 Matur'd conception; and from op'ning lips  
 The pipe is slow withdrawn, to give full vent  
 For most profound research. With patriot zeal,  
 To save the sinking state, they ably plan  
 Measures, alas! to ministry unknown;  
 Or if before them laid, in council met,  
 Perhaps rejected with most fatal scorn.  
 In strain oracular, they next descant,  
 With equal skill, at least, on various modes,  
 To manage arable and pasture lands:  
 On the best breeds, and most appropriate food,  
 Of horses, bullocks, sheep; of hogs, and dogs,  
 Decisively pronounce. At length quite cheer'd  
 By heart-expanding draughts, the sparkling eye,  
 And mouth crisp'd round with pregnant smiles, bespeak  
 More

More joyous thoughts. Of youthful college pranks :  
 The vicar's tales, though ten times told before,  
 Are told again, with more than usual glee.  
 With features quite compos'd, and in a style  
 Of humour dry, and manner all his own,  
 Would Hubert's father introduce a set  
 Of short and pithy anecdotes, most sure  
 To claim attention, and much mirth excite :  
 So singular, and matchless, in his way,  
 That ablest mimics would attempt in vain  
 To speak his parts, as well as he himself.  
 But some droll fally, from another source,  
 Would oft provoke a laugh to shake his sides,  
 By fits spasmodic, till his breath would fail,  
 And make his painful mirth flow through his eyes."

It is impossible to be more just than in this representation ; and it is in scenes like these, that the author is perfectly at home. Perhaps we have been severe with poor Hubert ; and envying him so much good-eating, resolved, that for us, he should not, too, have the praise of good-writing. We may not speak harshly of a writer who speaks thus unpretendingly of himself :—

" Conscious of each defect, he fain would raise  
 His most depress'd, his most familiar strains  
 Grace with more heighten'd charms ; through all diffuse  
 More vivid spirit, warmth, and energy.

— — — — —  
 But conscious too, that nature, when once forc'd  
 Beyond a certain point, from her true bent,  
 By artificial means, must still assume  
 A false, affected, and most odious form."

And we confess, that the sight of so many good meals, without the power of participating in one, may have had an irritable effect on our minds. Here we shall rest. Whatever we have remarked, can benefit survivors only—those who are already engaged, or those who are about to engage in the poetical life. The author of Hubert is for ever deaf to our censure or our applause !

s

s

h

,

e

r

,

d

t.

y

e

f



ARCHDUKE CHARLES